MAY 1963

Commentary

DISARMAMENT & THE ECONOMY
Ben B. Seligman

OUR LAST DAYS IN THE WARSAW GHETTO
Alexander Donat

COMING OF AGE ON THE CAROB PLANTATION
George P. Elliott

THE DEMISE OF NATO
Ronald Steel

HERBERT H. LEHMAN OF NEW YORK
Nathan Glazer

THE FIRST ELECTROCUTION
Arnold Beichman

Public Affairs

Hans J. Morgenthau:
ON TRYING TO BE JUST

In the Community

Milton Himmelfarb:
SOME ATTITUDES TOWARD JEWS

Books in Review

Oscar Gass:
"THE NEW EUROPE"

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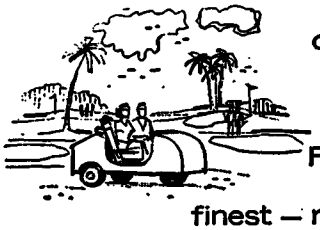

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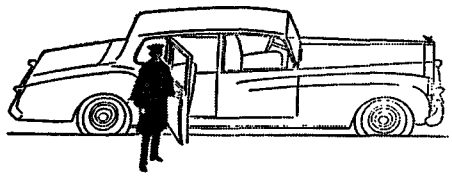

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Commentary

MAY 1963
NUMBER 5
VOLUME 35

Disarmament & the Economy	369	BEN B. SELIGMAN
Our Last Days in the Warsaw Ghetto	378	ALEXANDER DONAT
Coming of Age on the Carob Plantation	390	GEORGE P. ELLIOTT
The Demise of NATO	397	RONALD STEEL
Herbert H. Lehman of New York	403	NATHAN GLAZER
A Commentary Report		
The First Electrocution	410	ARNOLD BEICHMAN
Public Affairs		
On Trying to be Just	420	HANS J. MORGENTHAU
In the Community		
Some Attitudes Toward Jews	424	MILTON HIMMELFARB
Letters from Readers	430	
Books in Review		
The New Europe, by George Lichtheim	446	OSCAR GASS
The Community of Scholars, by Paul Goodman	450	HAROLD TAYLOR
Faith and Prejudice, by Bernhard E. Olson	455	MARTIN E. MARTY

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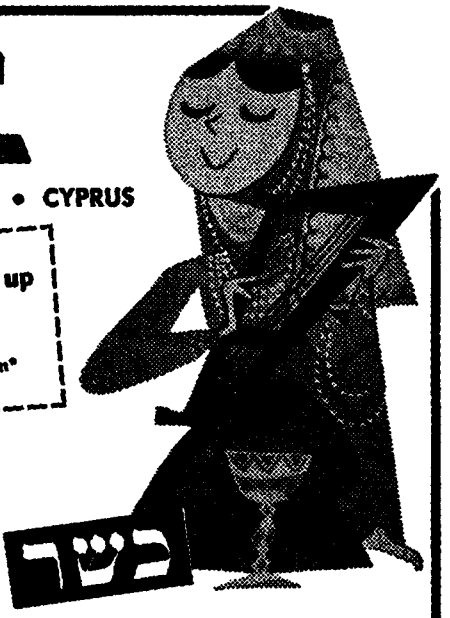

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DISARMAMENT AND THE ECONOMY

BEN B. SELIGMAN

We must release the human imagination in order to open up a new exploration of the alternatives now possible for the human community; we must set forth general and detailed plans, ideas, visions; in brief, programs . . . and make these . . . political issues.

—C. Wright Mills

LET US suppose that we are on the brink of disarmament. Let us suppose that minimum deterrence, pre-emptive strike, counterforce, retaliatory capacity, invulnerability, arms control, escalation, and all the other recondite notions of the cold war have been relegated by our political leaders to the dusty archives of history. Let us suppose that Polaris, Minuteman, and Davy Crockett are about to be turned into plowshares or preserved as curious museum pieces. Then what?

Some say that the result would be nothing short of economic catastrophe. From 1950–1959, $230 billion was spent on weaponry. In 1960, $46 billion of federal money went into defense, atomic energy, and space, and the budget for "fiscal 1964" will provide $54 billion for the same purposes. It is estimated that by 1965 well over three million people will be working in defense-related industries, and another four million will be working directly for the government, either in blue denims or uniforms. The argument that our prosperity—such as it is—can be traced to the stimulus of the cold war, and that the continued viability of our economy depends on preparation for war, thus appears to have a good deal of weight behind it. After all, did it not take a huge war effort to rescue us from the Great Depression? As John P. Lewis, the new member of the Council of Economic Advisers, once said: "Short of World War II, no adequate cure ever emerged or was contrived" to haul the economy out of the doldrums of the 30's.

Imagine, therefore, the enormity of the economic problem we would face if disarmament were suddenly to emerge as an imminent possibility. At the moment, 6 per cent of the work force is unemployed, and at our skimpy rate of growth, the economy cannot even absorb normal increases in the labor force. How, then, would it be able to provide jobs for the perhaps four million persons who would be released from defense industries and the armed services in the event of disarmament? Many economists even think that the situation would be worse than it appears on the surface. For example, Leo and Betty Fishman, a husband-and-wife team at West Virginia University, suggest that the government, paralyzed by snail-like legislative procedures, would be unable to formulate a quick response and might (as some business troglodytes ad-

BEN B. SELIGMAN'S new book, *Main Currents in Modern Economics*, was reviewed by C. E. Ayres in our April issue. Mr. Seligman, a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY, is Director of the Department of Research of the Retail Clerks International Association.

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vocate) use the savings from defense to pay the federal debt. The consequences of this would be dire indeed. Debt repayments would increase the lazy cash of financial institutions and rentiers, and by a well-known Keynesian device called the reverse multiplier, income and employment would tumble head down. Now, suggest the Fishmans, add to the four million already jobless (despite a high-pressure defense effort), another four million released from armament work, plus still another four million discharged because the multiplier is running backward, plus a million newcomers to the labor force, and we are confronted by a total of *thirteen million* persons facing the same conditions that existed in the 30's.

THERE ARE, to be sure, other economists who argue that this grim picture is overstated and who rather cheerfully believe that no administration would ever become so rigid as to be incapable of reacting to impending doom. No one, however, doubts that the economic problems attendant upon disarmament would be critically serious, and considering that disarmament is one of the stated goals of our foreign policy, it would be reasonable to suppose that top government bureaus and private research organizations in Washington are at this very moment busily engaged in studying these problems. But the sad fact of the matter is that apart from a few private individuals and a single small bureau—the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency—no one has done more than look at the economics of disarmament before turning away either in bemusement or horror.

The RAND Corporation, that den of powerful minds wrapped in their own assumptions, is casually uninterested. The Council of Economic Advisers assures us that it knows what must be done (merely turn a few Keynesian tap valves) and that it anticipates no real difficulty in educating Congress on the issues at stake. The Peace Research Institute, headed by former Ambassador James Wadsworth, concedes that planning for disarmament is important, but it just hasn't gotten around to it yet. The Institute for Defense Analysis—another RAND-type group—regards the whole question as premature. The Joint Economic Committee staff is aware that grave problems may stem from defense cutbacks, but what can they do when Committee members have other cats to skin? In all of Washington, only ACDA, with its relatively low budget and undermanned research bureau, has issued any sort of report on the consequences of disarmament—and this was prepared by an outsider, Emil Benoit of Columbia University.* Add a few more articles and studies by Benoit, Seymour Melman (also of Columbia), Kenneth Boulding of Michigan, the "country reports" submitted by other member nations to the UN expert panel on the economics of disarmament, and a London *Economist* survey, and the list of literature on the subject is virtually complete.

Benoit, Boulding, and Melman have done heroic work in trying to arouse public interest in what could happen in the event of disarmament. The first two writers have been nursemaid and godfather to the Research Program on Economic Adjustments to Disarmament (READ) which recently issued a perceptive and useful symposium on the transition to a complete peace,† and Melman, of course, has been a kind of St. John shouting in the canyons. But there has scarcely been so much as an echo in response. A few private citizens in Connecticut have tried to study the issues: Women Strike for Peace has some local committees at work; the Friends have published one or two brochures; and here and there a major defense contrac-

* In addition, the ACDA has published the American reply to a UN inquiry on the effects of disarmament, a rather detailed memorandum which was included in the UN disarmament experts' report of February, 1962.

† Emile Benoit and Kenneth F. Boulding, editors, *Disarmament and the Economy,* published this month by Harper & Row.

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tor has wondered how to penetrate an ordinary comsumer market. In the main, however, the important people simply do not care.

THE HISTORY of what happened to Senator Hubert Humphrey's report on the effects of disarmament illustrates the sort of attitude that evidently prevails in high places. As far back as 1961, Humphrey had argued in his special subcommittee on disarmament that a study of adjustment problems was essential. The "enormous unfulfilled demand for commodities and labor shortage as well" after World War II and Korea contrasted sharply, said he, with the "substantially satisfied demand and . . . unemployment" today. Consequently, he canvassed some four hundred manufacturers to determine the plans they might have on their desks for conversion to non-military production. The replies were quite interesting: a fair number of respondents deep in defense work called for "an orderly reduction over a reasonable period of time," with "extensive government planning to deal with the economic problems of disarmament." (Of course, it was not clear from the replies whether these companies were prepared to accept directives from a central planning body or merely wanted to shift the cost burden to government.) Interestingly enough, Humphrey's study also revealed an extraordinary concentration of defense contracts, with four firms reporting over one billion dollars in defense business and eight firms reporting from $500 million to a billion.

Yet the report was suppressed. The official story in Washington is that some of the subcommittee members feared it might be used by Soviet propagandists, although Secretary of Defense McNamara saw nothing awry in it. Senator Symington was disturbed by the chance that the survey might be quoted out of context to "back up the Marxian theory that war production was the reason for the success of capitalism." Subsequently, both he and Senator Aiken insisted on placing a "confidential" stamp on the document, limiting its publication to 150 copies and burying it so effectively that it is now almost impossible to turn up a copy. Humphrey argued in vain that public understanding of the issues was at stake, that most of the data had been shared with the UN experts in any case, and that a number of copies already were circulating among sundry federal departments and on the Hill. Finally, on October 5th of last year, irritated beyond words at his colleagues' behavior, Humphrey exploded in the Senate, giving away the major conclusions of the report.

There are, then, several schools of thought on the economics of disarmament. First, we have the uninterested, which includes most of the agencies that ought to be interested. Then there is the self-interest school, which includes certain industrialists who prefer Pentagon projects but are not unwilling to enjoy a slice of arms control and disarmament funds. Senator Humphrey, on the other hand, is a leading spokesman for the "we-can-do-it-but-let's-not-be-stupid-about-it" group—small, fortunately articulate, and probably making the most sense; here we may include the Melmans, Benoits, and Bouldings. The extreme worriers are typified by the Fishmans. And finally we have the "let's be rational" school, exemplified by William Royce of the Stanford Research Institute, who argues tautologically that the industries now engaged in making missiles or electronic components will have little difficulty under disarmament if they find something else to do, and who further intimates that since the Russians can't be trusted to keep an agreement, all planning for disarmament must be predicated on a slow process of transition with phased reductions stretched perhaps over a decade.

The assumption of a phased reduction in arms, while attractive mainly for reasons of *Hochpolitik,* is on other grounds open to serious question. The London *Economist,* in its well-documented sur-

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vey,* makes a cogent argument for a changeover period lasting no more than two years. The quicker the changeover, says the *Economist,* the less likelihood of error would there be. Also, rapid disarmament would have a more salutary psychological impact, for the exhilaration of an unarmed peace might generate its own momentum. But most important, what Thomas Schelling calls the "reciprocal fear of a surprise attack" would necessitate a crash program on both sides to prevent the old escalation from starting up again. All this means that planning must be done *now,* careful planning, both macro- and micro-economic in character.

Apart from everything else, forethought would ease the anxiety voiced by many who still remember the chaos of 1918 and who know that we were only saved from a similar chaos in 1945 by an extraordinary pent-up consumer demand and a population explosion of rare dimensions. The anticipated deflationary impact of reduced federal budgets was obliterated after World War II in an orgy of spending, the likes of which had seldom been witnessed before in human history. Today, however, there is no storage bin of unsatisfied demand; consumer debt, at $61.4 billion, is almost six times what it was in 1947; unemployment is running at the rate of 6 per cent of the civilian labor force; and one-sixth of those working are on part-time hours. And to make matters worse, today's defense industries, utilizing exotic material and esoteric production systems, are virtually inconvertible coin. When disarmament comes they may simply have to be junked. *This is the key problem: today's defense industries do not manifest the sort of relationship to the rest of the economy that was characteristic of earlier defense and war efforts.*

It appears, therefore, that nuclear disarmament involves a new and strange structural situation: conversion will not be a matter of searching for fresh consumer markets. The old task of discovering new work for facilities temporarily diverted is no longer the core of disarmanent adjustments, for time and technology have made the present defense industries less and less transferable to alternative uses. There is one consolation which could ease the reconversion process: our putative affluence might be sufficient to carry the burden, so accustomed have we become to sudden obsolescence. But the people, several millions of them—where would *they* go? How much *human* obsolescence can our society bear before it cracks under the strain?

But our story is moving ahead too quickly. The economics of disarmament is divided into three parts: conversion; stabilization; and expansion. The problem of human obsolescence belongs to part three —where growth in the industries comprising the civilian economy would presumably take care of it. First, however, we have to worry about conversion, which means rearranging the commodity mix to satisfy a new kind of public and governmental demand, and next we have to concern ourselves with stabilization, i.e., the prevention of unemployment and deflation. Then, and only then, do we start worrying about expansion and growth.

ONE WAY of making a comprehensive study of how resources might be shifted about in the event of disarmament is to construct an input-output table, a device that determines how much of the output of all other industries is needed by every single industry to produce a unit of its own. Such a table can yield a complex statistical matrix showing how men and resources may be moved about in response to a given level of final demand. What would a matrix of this kind reveal about disarmament? The answer, as it happens, has already been given by Wassily Leontief, the originator of input-output analysis, and Marvin Hoffenberg,

* Economist Intelligence Unit, *The Economic Effects of Disarmament,* 208 pp., $5.00. Available from the University of Toronto Press.

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in the April 1961 issue of *Scientific American*. Leontief and Hoffenberg argue that the 2,000 workers and 6,000 servicemen who would be released for each $100 million reduction in arms spending could not be totally absorbed by the private business sector. For one thing, reconversion would create its own bottlenecks: if a heavy road-building program were undertaken, for example, cement shortages might delay the effort, while industries once committed to defense (such as electronics) would wither on the vine for lack of sales. In other words, a proper reallocation of resources is a long-run affair, and in the absence of planning, economic deficiencies would plague the body politic. Yet the matrix also revealed that a 20 per cent reduction in military outlays during the first stages of disarmament could increase employment, *provided* the savings were applied to pressing civilian needs.

However, observations such as these are based on large calculations that can be completely upset by the actions of individual business firms. A few years ago, Seymour Melman asked a number of companies how they were preparing for disarmament. One concern replied that the abolition of defense work would be catastrophic—it obviously had never dreamed that its subsidized sales might one day peter out. An engineering research firm with 25 per cent of its contracts in defense was candid enough to say that it would simply fire 25 per cent of its employees. An electronics manufacturer with half his production geared to the military refused even to weigh the question. And so it went. William Royce, the SRI disarmament expert, has in effect complained that industry can plan only if it knows the direction in which the federal government intends to move—if, that is, it knows something about the proposed curtailment of weapons systems and the programs for space exploration, and knows whether Washington will grant patent protection to new industries stemming from defense work. In short, will the Great Underwriter—as David T. Bazelon calls the federal government—guarantee civilian markets as it has guaranteed military markets? Will there, perhaps, even be lucrative contracts for disarmament itself?

This last possibility is not far-fetched. The capital outlay of a test-ban inspection system has been estimated by Melman at approximately $1.7 billion. An international radar network for disarmament inspection with machines installed on land and ships would cost initially about $10 billion, while annual operating expenditures have been calculated at $600 million. Aerial reconnaissance would require another $420 million. All told, these expenditures might reach well over $12 billion, with $1.5 billion needed each year for maintenance and operation. There is not much here as compared with the arms race, but it is something on which to fall back.

And, indeed, the scent of these dollars has already begun to waft toward the defense companies. Recently *Business Week* reported that Bendix, Raytheon, and General Telephone and Telegraph were very much interested in the "potentiality of arms-control hardware contracts." Bendix even went so far in late 1962 as to stage a conference on the subject, and the odd mixture of tough thinkers from RAND, Pentagon officials, academicians, electronics manufacturers, and the first secretary of the Soviet Embassy, led one observer to describe the session as resembling a meeting of Temperance ladies held in a bar.

No doubt contracts for "disarmament hardware" would ease the burden of adjustment, for to judge by one analysis, existing defense industries would have a devil of a time penetrating ordinary civilian markets. James McDonagh and Steven Zimmerman, two young engineers, discovered that in the airframe industry only once in the years between 1950 and 1955 did a major company sell as much as

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30 per cent of its product to civilian customers. That, as McDonagh and Zimmerman put it, "the sales and marketing experience of the industry" should "in some respects" be "quite limited," is not surprising, for defense firms (most of whose industrial capacity stems from government subvention anyway) know how to politic and bargain with one big customer only. And this is not quite the same thing as knowing how to carve out a slice of domestic sales.

Where could the airframe industry—to take it as a representative example—go for non-defense business after disarmament? Commercial aircraft? That would bring in a mere $168 million a year, hardly enough to pay expenses. Prefabricated homes? With a potential of one and a half million units annually, the industry might secure $850 million a year. If there were bridges to build or if rapid transit were revived (a genuine need today), perhaps another $400 million or so a year could be recaptured. Yet even with all of this, only 58 per cent of the airframe industry's present sales capacity would have been replaced. Thus, assuming a constant relationship between sales and employment, over 200,000 employees would have to be dismissed.

While after World War II many aircraft manufacturers shifted half-heartedly to canoes and power boats and stainless steel caskets and subcontracted for musical instrument manufacturers,* today firms like General Dynamics, skilled only in high-cost, high-specification operations, would have great difficulty in adapting successfully to big-volume, low-cost, low-quality production. There is little opportunity to apply modern techniques of military production—techniques that require parts to be assembled in dust-free, vibrationless plants with devices constantly tested, temperature and humidity carefully controlled, and precision machinery of the kind achieved only by computer calculations—to normal factory methods. For such concerns today, abolition of the cold war means bitter obsolescence—unless a vast space program, or something like it, were to come to the rescue.

OF COURSE, from a purely economic standpoint, the disappearance of these industries would not be a great calamity. There technology is so special and esoteric that the income they create in other sectors of the economy—the Keynesian multiplier—is considerably less than the amount that stems from the old-line industries. Leontief has estimated that about $42 billion of direct military purchases in 1958 generated another $44 billion of indirect demand—a multiplier of 2. But meanwhile, the arms mix undergoes rapid change, and with virtually every alteration in defense strategy (from surface weapons to missiles, from airframes to electronics, from simple logistics to complex "subsystems"), the capital share in military spending goes down; it has indeed moved from about 75 per cent in 1951 to 47 per cent today. In consequence, the defense industry multiplier is probably a good deal less than 2 by now.

A further result of the stress on these exotic industries has been the loss of overseas hard-goods markets—machine tools, for example. Moreover, the distorted geographical distribution of defense contracts has influenced the pattern of industrial location in ways that could, in the absence of advance planning, easily result in chaos when cutbacks occur. Many towns in the South rely almost exclusively on military installations—what would happen to Cape Canaveral if disarmament came? In Los Angeles almost 200,000 workers draw pay checks from three aircraft companies. In Wichita, 72 per cent of the work force is employed in making planes and missiles. In the states of Kansas, Washington, California, Connecticut, and Arizona,

* Some companies were helped by relying on such gimmicks as loss carrybacks to offset past taxes, which enabled them to latch on to more profitable firms—once again the government became an underwriter.

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anywhere from 20 to 30 per cent of manufacturing employment is in ordnance, electronics, aircraft, missiles, and ships—the leading industries in the military-space complex. Disarmament without planning would unquestionably leave many localities in these areas as destitute as a ghost town in a Western movie.

THE National Aeronautics and Space Administration has been admonished several times by Congress to spread its share of the business, but most of it still flows to the West Coast. Of the $2.7 billion NASA spent in fiscal '63, California received 30 per cent, while 28 per cent went to three southern states, and only one per cent to all of New England. The Pentagon explains—and with some justice—that its contracts must be placed where prior investment had been made in research and where the higher skills for the new weaponry can be found. Thus, the increasing need for technical competence and scientific components intensifies the insulation of the defense sector from the rest of the economy. This, perhaps more than any other single factor, has impeded genuine growth.

In a recent *Harvard Business Review* article,* Robert Solo of the National Planning Association demonstrated that since 1920 research and development expenditures have increased at a phenomenal rate, rising 400 per cent in relation to national income, while output per man-hour in the economy as a whole has steadily hovered around the old norm of a 2 to 4 per cent gain per annum. Hence, he argued, not only has there been no perceptible relationship between R & D and economic growth, but the latter may have been inhibited by just the sort of research demanded by the military. Missiles and shooting for the moon may heighten our sense of international prestige, but they add little to the ordinary goods and services needed by an expanding population. Even worse, defense and space research is a parasite on the rest of the economy, for it feeds upon some of the best talents of society. The old-fashioned scientist who might have invented a gadget that could increase output per capita is now an engineer on a team project constructing a component for the trigger of a space vehicle.

Military technology, in short, has moved farther and farther away from industrial research, to the point where the possibility of communication between them has all but disappeared. How, asks Solo, can such skills as preparing a research proposal or designing space instruments or planning "component development" be transferred to production for civilian markets? Of course, there have been some cases of successful transfer, as with PERT—a computer system—and Telstar. But these are exceptional. There are few, if any, civilian counterparts for nuclear warheads, supersonic planes, and the rare materials that go into spaceships. The very habits of the scientists and engineers involved are wrong for civilian production. They are concerned only with performance—"tell the front office to worry about cost"—and they are accustomed to producing prototypes of machines while eschewing standardized methods. *The inescapable conclusion is that spill-over from defense to civilian life is almost non-existent.*

We pay a rather handsome price for this strange non-Keynesian situation. The military budget in fiscal '63 was $51 billion; for fiscal '64 it has been set at $54 billion. The research and development share, though only 8 per cent of the total, is essential to the whole complex. The development of weapons systems takes three-fourths of military R & D funds, while research in engineering, physics, biology, and the like absorb the balance. Not surprisingly, the scientific community has become utterly dependent on government largesse; in 1961, over 75 per cent of electronics scientists and engineers were work-

* November-December 1962.

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ing on projects paid for by the federal government.

WHAT CAN happen when sudden cutbacks are made without proper planning was brought home vividly when the Skybolt missile was eliminated from our arsenal not long ago. Douglas Aircraft, the prime contractor for this weapon, dismissed about 4,000 workers, and another 5,000 jobs being supplied by subcontractors were placed in jeopardy. Yet all Douglas could think of to do was protest the Defense Department's decision, arguing that Skybolt should be kept on because it would save billions in taxes by extending the life of the B-32 bomber and Britain's Vulcan II.*

Few of the companies working on missiles and communications meet contract cancellations with anything more than public hand-wringing and telegrams to their senators. Sometimes they get a Congressional investigation started. Meanwhile, the workers are sent packing to the unemployment insurance offices. In 1957, for example, the Navajo missile was abruptly removed from the Pentagon's weapons arsenal and two days later some 10,000 persons had to scrounge for other jobs as some $680 million went down the drain. Similarly with Regulus II, a submarine missile; the boron high-energy fuel for supersonic jets; the P6M Seamaster jet seaplane; and the atomic-powered airplane, shelved after a decade's work. The psychological and economic shock to the communities involved has finally set the Pentagon to thinking about the "potential economic impact of procurement efficiencies," and unofficial hints are now going out to localities unduly dependent on federal contracts.

The burden of planning the changeover, then, goes by default as well as necessity to the federal government. Nevertheless, there are business diehards who still insist on laissez-faire. Richard Raymond, a General Electric spokesman, urges reliance on the free market with "bold risk decisions to take advantage of conversion opportunities as they arise," without grasping the rather elementary notion that government may have to create such opportunities. The *Magazine of Wall Street* proposes a National Reconversion Committee comprised of leading business and retired executives to arrest the onslaught of government zealots. About the millions of Americans who live in abject poverty, and who can only be helped by massive outlays of monies for public needs, such ideologues have nothing to say. Yet the two documents mentioned above that were prepared under the aegis of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, by revealing the usual backlog of starved public services, indicate what might be substituted for arms. Housing could absorb $33 billion over a period of years; mass transit might account for $9 billion over the next decade; and resource development $8 billion a year. At least $10 billion a year could be used to improve the educational system. Additional expenditures for health services, better social security schemes, retraining and relocation, area redevelopment, and adequate foreign aid would take care of the rest (and without rushing into space); in fact, the total could easily pass what is now spent by the Pentagon, NASA, and the AEC.

But how does one venture upon these programs? What are the specifics? At what points in the economy do we mark off the starting lines? Difficult as it seems, the problem is not intractable, for there are institutions and organizations in our society which could be utilized to initiate the new peace. Public corporations such as TVA, local housing authorities, state road commissions, and urban renewal agencies—all could be put to work the moment a disarmament agreement were signed. Despite the acknowledged defi-

* The idea of trying short-range commercial jets did occur to Douglas as well, but typically it was a year behind the British Aircraft Corporation which already had been selling them to American airlines.

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ciencies of some of these bodies, their accomplishments might be surprising enough to make us ashamed of the neglect they have had to bear while we have been wrangling our way to the edge of extinction.

ALL THIS, to be sure, could only take place in what economists call a proper fiscal environment, which means an environment created by tax cuts and budget deficits. But these would have to be of sizable proportions—much larger than the piddling sums of the present tax and budget program—to correct the combined effects of defense cutbacks and a stumbling economy. The tax cut alone ought at the very least to be $10 billion in the first year of disarmament; with the dual multiplier-accelerator evaluated at 3.7, this would probably yield $37 billion in GNP, enough to initiate the readjustment process with ease.* However, since in a lagging private sector accumulated idle capacity tends to impose restraints on any exuberance stemming from fiscal maneuvers, the tax cut might have to be substantially larger than $10 billion to do an adequate job.

Disarmament, then, need not result in economic catastrophe: the necessary economic knowledge is at hand for dealing with the problems that would arise. What remains to be created is a sense of urgency in high places over the need to prepare *now,* and an awareness throughout our society that with proper planning and forethought, disarmament would be an economic contingency to be welcomed, not a disaster to be feared.

* The multiplier indicates how much new GNP will stem from a given amount of investment; the accelerator measures the response of investment to additional consumer spending. These processes are, of course, interrelated; the Joint Economic Committee recently estimated the multiplier at 2.5 and the accelerator at 1.2.

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OUR LAST DAYS IN THE WARSAW GHETTO

ALEXANDER DONAT

In commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, which has just been celebrated throughout the world, we here present a memoir of the uprising written by a participant who survived the liquidation of the Ghetto. ALEXANDER DONAT, *who today lives in New York and operates a printing plant, was publisher and editor of a popular Polish daily,* Ostatnie Wiadomosci (*"Latest News"*) *in pre-war Warsaw. Following the events related below, Mr. Donat and his wife were deported to Maidanek and then separated—he being sent to a succession of four other concentration camps and she to Auschwitz and then Ravensbrück. Both were liberated after the war and reunited with their son, thus becoming one of the very few Warsaw Jewish families to be saved in its entirety.*

The present essay has been adapted from a section of Mr. Donat's unpublished memoirs.

January, 1943. The new year in the Warsaw Ghetto. Nothing unusual was happening, but the air was full of forebodings.

"They're busy at the *Umschlag** again."

"Ukrainian and Latvian guards have arrived."

"The *Vernichtungskommando*† is on its way to Warsaw."

"Final liquidation of the ghetto. Nobody will be spared."

Ugly rumors circulated everywhere. Without having any certain evidence, we waited for disaster, prepared for it. Many of us were determined that next time things would not go as they had in July.** And yet—the hope continued to plague us—could it come to that, after all?

On January 9, everyone talked only of one thing: Himmler and his staff had arrived to make an inspection of the ghetto. His limousine had been seen going through the streets, preceded and followed by armored cars bristling with machine guns, higher SS and Police Chief Odilo Globocnik heading the armed escort of SS officers. The cortege raced through the ghetto—the entire inspection was over in a few minutes. Now our premonition became real, fleshed-out: Himmler had last visited the ghetto in July.

This day was the last I was to remember for well over a week, for I had fallen ill with typhus and was almost constantly delirious. I had probably caught the fever around Christmas time, when none of us went to work and the entire population of the ghetto gathered at the corner of Mila and Zamenhof Streets. Coming home from work one day soon after, I barely managed to drag myself up our four flights; in the Warsaw ghetto the diagnosis was simple to make.

ONE MORNING Jozef Zandberg went out to open the pharmacy in which he and my wife worked. In a few minutes he was back again. "They have doubled the guard at

* *Umschlagplatz:* reloading square, a railroad siding where captured Jews were loaded onto death trains.

† *Vernichtungskommando:* extermination squad.

** July 22, 1942: beginning of the big "Resettlement" in the Warsaw Ghetto that resulted in deportation to Treblinka of more than 300,000 Jews.

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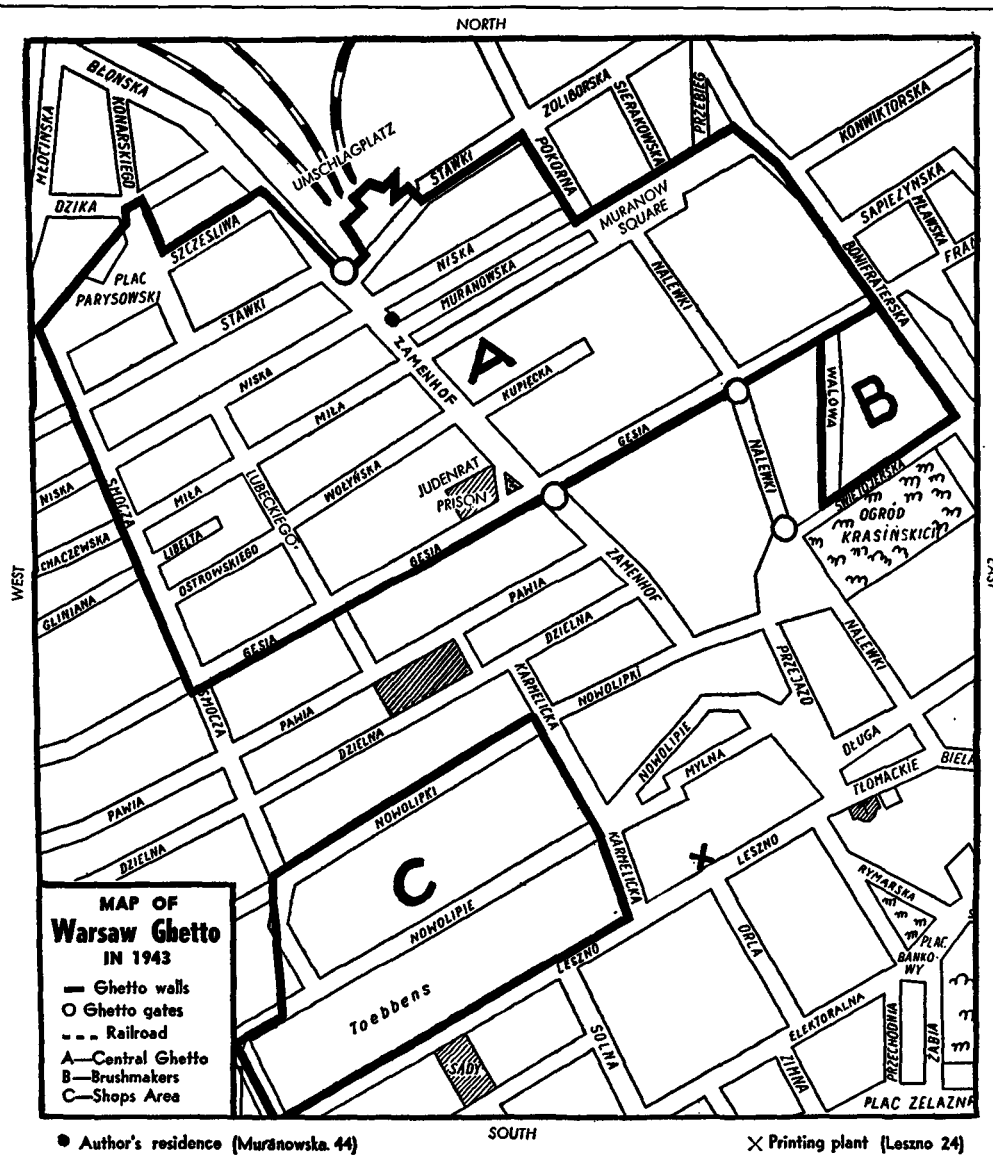
the ghetto gate and are not letting the working groups through to their jobs. Something is up, and I don't like the smell of it. Let's get up to the attic. Come on—hurry!"

Though half-conscious now, I was still feverish, and had to be lifted out of bed. I don't know how they got me through the narrow tunnel leading to the attic. When I came fully to, I was lying on a mattress on the floor and our tiny hideout was crammed with people, some of them strangers. The carpenter was closing off the entrance, and my wife was saying over and over: "I'm so grateful that it was Mr. Zandberg's turn this morning. I would never have noticed the extra guards—I would never have noticed. We'd have been done for, if it had been up to me!"

That was January 18, the day when the second Resettlement Operation commenced. After a couple of hours, we heard a commotion in the courtyard.

"*Alle Juden 'runter! Alles 'runter!* Everything down!"

A long silence, then the thud of heavy boots on the staircase. They were at the second floor. We heard gun butts splintering doors, then nothing, then the boots on the stairs again. The third floor. Banging on doors, splintering wood again, a woman's scream. And then they were approaching the attic. No one moved a muscle. They



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were on the attic landing now and at the carpenter's apartment.

We heard the young Ukrainian guard call out: "*Nemá*" (No one there).

"*Keine Juden?*" A German voice.

"*Nein,*" the Ukrainian answered.

The boots were tramping downstairs now, away from us. I was bathed in sweat. Just then, there were two shots, very clear and distinct, followed by a burst from an automatic rifle, and another burst. A few minutes later, an explosion. From time to time we heard detonations in the distance that we could not identify.

In an hour Ola Kacenelenbogen appeared in the shelter and berated us loudly. In all the struggle to get me upstairs, Ola had been overlooked. No one had alerted her to the roundup, and she and her family had been taken completely by surprise when the boots resounded on the staircase. She had managed to save them by putting on a white nurse's apron and cap and calmly opening the door to announce to the Germans, "*Kein Eintritt! Fleckfieber!*" (You can't come in. Typhus). The Germans retreated at once. The very word "typhus" threw them into a panic.

The roundup, as it had last time, ended at sunset. When we came out of our shelter that night the entire ghetto was stirred by the electrifying news that a real battle had taken place at the corner of Niska and Zamenhof Streets. Members of the Jewish underground had stood off the SS with guns, hand grenades, Molotov cocktails, and pick-axes. About twenty Germans had been killed.

The resistance, such as it was in those days, had been organized by the *Zydowska Organizacja Bojowa* (The Jewish fighters' organization) into small "nests," some of which were hidden away in our own building and in the one next door at 56 Zamenhof (the two being connected by à secret passage). The men waited for the Germans to get inside the courtyard and then opened fire from two sides. The same sort of thing had happened around the shops in Leszno, Nowolipie, and Smocza Streets.

The new Resettlement Operation was headed by *Obersturmführer* (SS lieutenant) Karl Brand, a notorious murderer, and by SS *Hauptsturmführer* (SS captain) Theodor von Eupen-Malmedy, commandant of the death camp at Treblinka. For Eupen-Malmedy, this stint in the ghetto was a "guest appearance"; perhaps his German thoroughness had impelled him to come and inspect the raw material for his gas chambers. German headquarters for the operation was set up in Muranow Square. The Germans had at their disposal tanks, small artillery pieces, automatic rifles, and hand grenades.

DURING THE time that I had been ill, my sister Róza had been looking after our little boy, Wlodek, then five years old. After the fight, she brought him back to us. They, too, had spent the day in a shelter, the one in her house. She told us that Wlodek had cooperated perfectly, had in fact not made a sound. He had seemed to be far calmer than the adults, many of whom were near hysteria. But Róza's neighbors in the shelter resented his being there and insisted she bring him back. Children were, of course, a great problem in the hiding places and often became the focus of nasty fights, sometimes mortal violence. Wlodek stayed with us in the shelter for the remaining three days of the January operation; and he was a perfect soldier.

All the while the Germans remained in the ghetto, shooting continued sporadically. At night we would compare notes. Crawling out from our holes, we were unable to get a very clear picture of everything that was happening, but from what we could tell, the German operation was progressing badly. Open resistance from the underground, reinforced by the passive resistance of the rest of us, was having an incredible effect. And after four days, the whole operation was called off.

Sometimes just a few underground fighters had been enough to save the lives of everybody in a big apartment house: after the first shot fired by the underground, the Germans were afraid to search the cellars and attics. They would simply call out their mission in the courtyards, fire a few shots, and withdraw. About the only people they managed to round up this time were those who still had faith in the power of their "valid" documents. These people had gone down into the courtyards when ordered to do so. No one had asked to see their papers; they were herded at once off to the *Um-*

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schlagplatz. Among them were many members, including leading officials, of the *Judenrat* staff. There were also during those four days many suicides, mostly by poison.

Those of the *Judenrat* staff who survived blamed the death of their colleagues on its vice chairman, Abram Sztolcman, who had instructed all officials to report to the Germans when ordered to do so. He had assured them that they would be perfectly safe. In the end, six thousand Jews were taken in the January roundup, but for the first time the Germans were left with a few dead and wounded of their own.

Ghetto inhabitants were making pilgrimages to the sites where blood on the snow marked the site of some successful resistance. We were a changed people. These places marked the end of a crisis that the ghetto had been going through since the September before—the crisis of shedding the last and deepest of our illusions. Three hundred thousand of us had had to die before we could begin to grasp the simplest and most self-evident of truths. There were no longer any illusions about German intentions to cling to, and we found ourselves possessed of a strange new determination.

We also knew that just as we had come to terms with the Germans' intentions and tactics, the Germans would quickly come to terms with ours. During the first deportations, a document occasionally offered some protection. During this second one, a good shelter had served. It was clear that next time neither papers nor shelters would be of any help.

In its outward appearance the ghetto seemed to return to normal once the Germans had gone. The working parties left through the gate every morning. The agencies of the *Judenrat* functioned as usual. Shops and factories run by Germans were producing. The ghetto pharmacy remained open. Behind these familar scenes, we engaged in our feverish preparations: our last battle was surely coming, and we were determined to have whatever weapons we could scrape together for it.

Near the gates, the Poles continued to taunt us in their customary fashion: "That's a nice coat, sell it to me. What does it matter if you're cold? They're going to make soap of you anyway." Taunt is not quite the right word: partly they were simply saying things that they knew to be so and that the Jews seemed to them too stupid to believe.

On the other hand, some of the Poles were beginning to look at the situation with new eyes. We now heard them say things like, "They're eating you for lunch, but they're saving us for dinner." We got word, too, of the fantastically exaggerated reports of our resistance that were circulating on the "Aryan" side of the walls.

However, the vast majority of the Polish population remained, as it had always been, utterly indifferent to our fate. Our underground was unable to get arms from the Polish underground, and when they attempted to get ammunition on their own, they were just as subject as ever to the hazards of Polish blackmail and informing.

INSIDE the gates, the ghetto was being transformed into a hidden city. Now thought of as potential living quarters for weeks or even months, shelters were being enlarged, fitted out, converted into apartments to house several families. Some of them were equipped with plumbing, electricity, radios, etc.; some had emergency exits, and a fortunate few had secret exits outside the walls. Secret passageways formed a huge underground linking network. Everyone was pledged to silence about the location of his shelter and its means of entry. In the end, of course, most of these shelters turned out to be living tombs; but no one could foresee that. For our house, we set up a look-out system on the stairs and in the courtyard. People were on duty all night in two-hour shifts, with instructions to alert everyone at the slightest suspicion. A system of alarms was installed in every apartment, and the signal was set off by a single, central button. And at the printing shop on Leszno Street in which I worked, we enlarged and modernized the shelter under the cellar. Here the entrance was covered by a printing press which could be turned on, if necessary, and put into operation.

Political power inside the ghetto was now almost completely in the hands of the Z.O.B., called "the party." *Judenrat* officials were being ignored; members of the Jewish police walked around with carefully unobservant eyes. We all thought of ourselves as soldiers, and "the party" as our

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command group. The ghetto had in effect become an army, differing from proper armies only in that it had no arms and no conceivable hope of victory.

In the meantime, my wife, Lena, and I thought constantly about saving our little boy. We went over and over the list of the "Aryans" we knew, trying to think which of them might be both willing and able to take him. I began to write letters to our Polish friends, telling them of our situation and begging them to save the life of an innocent child. Needless to say, these letters could not go through the mails; they had to be delivered by messenger. But even if one got hold of someone willing to deliver a letter outside the walls, the recipient was usually reluctant to accept a letter from the ghetto brought by a stranger: there was too much danger of blackmail. So I first had to alert my friends by phone, and tell them to expect a letter from me. To make these calls, I used the phone in the office of the T.O.Z. (one of the Jewish welfare agencies) at 56 Zamenhof Street, which I could get to through secret passages. The phone was in constant use: by people on errands like mine, or by smugglers contacting their confederates about conditions at the gates or arranging to receive parcels to be thrown over the wall. Each call took hours of waiting my turn. And then not everyone I wanted to reach had a phone. I would often call my former partner, Stanislaw Kapko, at his office and have him get a message to someone that he was to come to Kapko's office and await a call from me. Then I would have to call Kapko the next day to find out if the appointment had been made. When I finally spoke to the friend, I had then to persuade him to come and talk to me at the printing shop on Leszno Street. There was no danger for gentiles in coming to the printing shop because it was located outside the ghetto, and they could always pretend to be out buying Jewish goods. Still, they were not easy to persuade. Some never came, some came and refused my request. Finally one possibility to save Wlodek began to take shape: the Maginskis.

Stefan Maginski had been a member of the group with whom I had fled Warsaw in September 1939 (whence I returned to be with my family). He was a brilliant journalist and a highly cultivated man. I loved him, and he treated me rather as if I were his younger brother. His wife, Maria, a former actress, was both a beauty and a great lady. They had no children.

Mrs. Maginski agreed to meet us in Leszno Street. She spoke of a friend in the country who, for a modest fee, would be willing to take the child. She vouched for the decency and honesty of her friend, and promised us that Wlodek would be well looked after. They themselves could not take him, because they were too old suddenly to appear with a five-year-old child, and they were, besides, working night and day with the Polish resistance. The fee was indeed modest, and happily we could afford it. Sometime earlier I had managed to increase my income by going into partnership with Izak Rubin to smuggle out some of the kerchiefs made from pillowcases in the ghetto. Thus I had the money to pay for Wlodek's care for several months in advance. By some child's instinct for self-preservation, Wlodek did everything in his power to win Mrs. Maginski, and she was much taken with him. She promised to make the necessary preparations.

In the meantime, "the party" was growing stronger and more audacious every day. It began to execute German agents and Gestapo stooges who had been operating in the ghetto, among them Weintraub, Brzezinski, and Firstenberg (high-ranking Jewish police officials); Adam Szajn (a Gestapo agent); Anders (former trainer for the Jewish Sports Organization, the *Makabi*); and Alfred Nossig, a famous journalist who had been a spy for the Germans since World War I and who had written the Germans a long report on the resistance. When the executioners came to get him, Nossig declared that the Gestapo would "avenge" his death.

In "the Brushmakers,"* where I went one day to visit my brother-in-law, I saw a mimeographed notice posted on the wall. It was an open appeal to resist the Nazis. Now, the notice announced, was not the time to think of one's own skin but of the future of the Jews; even those who might be

* One of the German-led production centers in the ghetto; it occupied several blocks on Swietojerska-Walowa Streets and housed over 8,000 Jews.

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able to escape from the ghetto were urged to stay on and fight. It was signed "The Jewish Military Organization."

The underground took to itself the power to levy taxes. Money was needed to buy arms and to maintain the fighting core. The tax was compulsory, but no compulsion had to be used on most of the population. Everyone took great satisfaction from the thought that members of the *Judenrat,* the Jewish police, and the shop managers were being forced to contribute—and most of all, that the Approvisioning Agency of the *Judenrat* had been hit for an enormous tax. Marek Lichtenbaum, president of the *Judenrat,* had been personally assessed for 50,000 *zlotys.* When he refused to pay, his son was taken hostage, and within twenty-four hours he had given over the full sum. The underground had also carried out a number of "expropriations": most famously, an armed raid on the *Judenrat* treasury and on the bank at 37 Nalewki Street.

My young partner Izak Rubin—who was far more than a partner and would have given his life for Lena and Wlodek—related a conversation he had had with Zygmunt Frydrych. Zygmunt, who, like Izak, looked totally "Aryan," had been a youth leader in the Bund, an employee of the Approvisioning Agency of the *Judenrat,* and was one of the leaders of the resistance movement. He told Izak of the heavy casualties the movement had suffered in January. "The fact is, our men lack military training. They have not the least concern about laying down their lives, but the merest German private knows more about organizing warfare than we do. The Polish underground gives us nothing. Izak, we need more men, we need men like you." He also told him the name of the commander of "the party"—Mordecai Anielewicz, a member of Hashomer Hatzair.

Izak was eager to join, but he felt he could not meet the condition of membership—which was to move into the underground's common living quarters—until the affairs of my family had been settled. In addition there was the problem that the men were being barracked along party lines, and Izak belonged to no party. So it was finally decided that Izak should organize his own fighters' group in our house at 44 Muranowska Street. He would also have to undertake to provide his own arms. Zygmunt agreed with Isak that the underground was not making enough use of the printing shop and proposed that he should organize a group to be based there as well.

Izak was terribly wrought up by the conversation, and he determined to get out of the ghetto and see what he could do in the way of acquiring some arms and ammunition. He and I agreed on the following plan: first, Wlodek must be disposed of; next, Lena and my sister Róza must be provided with a secure hiding place on the "Aryan" side; then we would be free to dispose of ourselves.

I HAD now to hurry to press my Polish contacts to arrange something for the women and to get Izak help for our underground work. For weeks I had been trying to persuade Kapko to come and meet me. He had been very helpful to me in reaching others, but was reluctant to come himself to Leszno Street. Finally, however, I forced him to make an appointment. When he arrived, I sensed that he would try to remain guarded, evasive, with me. But I had no time then for delicate perceptions and launched straight into my appeal. I told him that no one in the ghetto would live to see the defeat of the Germans—so certain to come now, after Stalingrad—unless the others came to our aid. He must help us, in the name of humanity, of patriotism, of Christianity, of our friendship. If not us, he must at least help save the women. I talked at length and passionately, hardly knowing what I was saying. Through it all, Kapko kept smiling sympathetically and nodding his head, and when I finished he said, "Yes, yes, I'll do all I can. But there are blackmailers and informers everywhere; we're afraid of our own shadows. Don't worry, though—I'll look around and see. You'll hear from me soon."

I knew from his tone and from the way he was avoiding my eyes that I had failed. Suddenly something was released in me, and I ceased appealing to his pity. "Kapko," I said, "it's wonderful that you've been making money and that you are willing to help people less fortunate than yourself, but we are coming to a time that will make such things insignificant. Sooner or later, you'll be called to account: 'Sergeant

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Stanislaw Kapko, member of the Warsaw Municipal Council, vice-president of the Union of Non-Commissioned Officers, member of the Polish Publishers' Association, *what did you do for Poland* in the days of Wawer, Auschwitz, and Treblinka? You were a *businessman?* Making *money?* That is your battle record?' Listen, Kapko, when you and I were running away together in September 1939, nothing but defeat behind us, *you* were the man of vision. It was you who talked to the rest of us about guerrilla warfare, and we did not understand you then. Now victory is in sight, and where are you?" I went on and on, painting for him the picture of a glorious resistance, Jews and Poles side by side, and his own heroic role in it. I do not remember how long it took me and all the things I said, but when I finally looked at him Kapko was weeping and muttering, "So help me God!" We embraced and parted with his promise to present me with some plan of action within a week.

At the end of March, Mrs. Maginski came once more to Leszno Street—this time to tell us that all the arrangements for Wlodek had been made and we had two weeks in which to prepare him for leaving us.

Two weeks: in which we tried to memorize our five-year-old son to the look and to the touch, and in which I watched approvingly while my son's mother taught him to disavow his connection with us. "Remember, you have never lived in the ghetto. You are not a Jew. You are a Polish Catholic. Your father is a Polish army officer who was taken prisoner. Your mother is away in the country. Mrs. Maginski is your Auntie Maria."

The two weeks turned out to be only seven days. Mrs. Maginski unexpectedly returned to the printing shop one afternoon, terribly upset. The Polish underground had received word that the liquidation of the ghetto was to take place any day now; the child must be smuggled out the next day. Next morning, Lena washed and fed her baby for the last time. At eight o'clock we joined the printers' marching column, and at eleven Mrs. Maginski came to the shop for him. Wlodek was quiet, smiling. But just as we were to say goodbye, he clutched his mother and said, "Is it true that I'll never see you again?" "What a silly boy you are!" she managed to say. "Just as soon as the war is over, I am coming to get you."

Mrs. Maginski took Wlodek's hand and walked briskly out of the building. Wlodek skipped beside her, and didn't look back once. They crossed Leszno and turned into Orla, out of sight. A Jewish policeman who was a friend of ours followed them for a little way on his bicycle. Everyone crowded around to congratulate us. We had been very lucky, they said. So, indeed, we had.

Mrs. Maginski's news about the liquidation of the ghetto came as no surprise. That month Walther Casper Toebbens, the work boss of the Ceglana and Leszno Street shops, had been made the overseer of a new Resettlement Operation. The SS were retiring from the scene, we were told, and now we were to be Toebbens's "own" Jews. Toebbens had explained to us that by order of Himmler, Warsaw was to be made *Judenrein.* According to the usual Nazi procedures, we were told that the entire workshop personnel, together with equipment and machinery, were to be transported to Poniatow and Trawniki, labor camps in the province of Lublin. The Jewish workers, with their wives and children, would spend the rest of the war in this wholesome country air, provided with excellent living conditions. We would all be out of danger.

But our willingness to swallow such promises had disappeared; to believe the Germans now was a piece of insanity. Toebbens had gone so far as to import several Jewish foremen from shops in Lublin, who stood by and nodded in corroboration of what the German shop-owners were telling us. They worked hard at persuading us, and some of the Jewish shop managers cooperated with them. There were, however, only a few volunteers.

The Z.O.B. issued a proclamation to the people of the ghetto warning them that the new "resettlement" program was simply part of the plan to exterminate all the Jews. "Hide your wives and children and take up arms! Only resistance can save the remnants of the ghetto population!" On the walls of buildings was scrawled the motto "Poniatow and Trawniki = Treblinka." Members of the underground beat up the foremen from Lublin, and one of the shop

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managers who was cooperating with the Germans was shot dead on the street in broad daylight.

One day I ran into Leon Berkowicz. Before the war, he had been one of the owners of a big advertising agency and also of a chemical plant. He had seen active duty as a commissioned officer under General Bortnowski, and had distinguished himself at the battle of Kutno during the September 1939 campaign. I had always liked him and considered him a friend.

"I'm glad I ran into you," he told me. "I was actually on my way to see you."

"To see me? What for?"

"I have a proposition to make to Lena. I want her to come along with us to Poniatow and organize a pharmacy there. I can guarantee you good living conditions, and even the chance of making some extra money."

"You must be insane. You actually expect us to volunteer for Poniatow?"

"But what else is there to do? They'll deport us from Warsaw in any case."

"But don't you realize, Poniatow is a trap! Do you seriously mean to tell me you trust Toebbens?"

"Yes, I do. I think he's telling the truth. Not that I think he's a better man than the others, but he's making too much money from the Jews to be so eager to get rid of them. He'd stop at nothing to keep the shops going, and he's got more influence than you may think."

"But didn't you see what 'the party' has to say about all this?"

"They're just a bunch of romantic kids. I happen to know something about soldiering, and I know how hopeless it would be to try to stand off the Germans in the ghetto. There'd be nothing left but a pile of rubble. I'd rather leave voluntarily than be dragged away by force. At least I'll be able to take some of my belongings."

AROUND THIS TIME there was a great burst of coming and going. People were escaping the ghetto every day. And on the other hand, many of those who had been living in hiding on the "Aryan" side began to return. It was getting more and more difficult for them to hide among the Poles, where blackmail and informing were intensifying every day. And there was something else, more difficult to define: many people were beginning to prefer death in the ghetto to life outside it. The Kacenelenbogens' fifteen-year-old daughter, Ada, who had been sent out of the ghetto by her parents after the July resettlement, was among those who came back. "I'd rather die with you here," she said over and over, to her parents' despair. Later, she joined the underground, and when her parents pleaded with her she said to them: "I can't understand you. I should think you'd be proud of me and give me your blessing. We're all going to die anyway, you know."

For those who had no thought of escaping, there was only one preoccupation, obsession really: how to get hold of a weapon —a pistol, or even a single hand grenade. "Let's give them some of their own back," we kept repeating to one another. "A German for every Jew!"

Izak Rubin returned full of hope from his mission outside the walls. He had got hold of "Aryan" papers, and with Kapko's help, he had brought back a drum-type revolver and several rounds of ammunition. He also brought me a message that Kapko would be coming to see me on Friday at the printing plant with a plan of action. For the first time in my life I held a revolver in my hands. What magic in this piece of metal! With it came the knowledge that though we might die, we could no longer be slaughtered like dumb animals. Now all we had to do was arrange for places for the women outside the ghetto. Getting them out would not be difficult—I had managed to have them listed on the roster of the printing shop workers and from the shop it was easy to make one's way. The problem was living quarters.

The Friday of Kapko's visit finally came —April 16, 1943. He told me his plan. He wanted to recruit one hundred men for a partisan unit (he was a former Uhlan, and spoke of "a hundred sabers") and send them to the province of Lublin. He thought he could even transport the men legally, by having a certain business firm he was in close touch with make application for an allotment of a hundred Jewish workers. They would be transported out of the ghetto by truck and taken to Lublin; and once in the vicinity of Lublin, they would make their escape into the woods. If the application for a hundred workers was not

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approved, he would have to set up a kind of underground railroad for facilitating individual escapes. We must start recruiting at once, limiting ourselves to able-bodied young men, preferably with some military training. In September 1939, some of "his boys" had buried a cache of weapons and ammunition, he said, but he would have to have a drawing account of from 300,000 to 400,000 *zlotys* for purchasing additional arms and equipment. Liaison officers would remain in Warsaw, both inside and outside the ghetto, to continue recruiting suitable men. Arms would be supplied to the ghetto only on a temporary basis, until he could arrange for more and more men to escape into the woods. Such was the plan of a Polish-Jewish guerrilla resistance—enjoying a short and ironic existence in April 1943.

Kapko told me that after our last conversation, he had had a bill of sale drawn up for the apartment house I owned in Warsaw; the proceeds were to go to our military fund. We embraced and parted. This was to be our last meeting.

MONDAY NIGHT Passover was to start. We had not prepared to observe the holiday fully, but its spirit was very much with us. Under the circumstances, the Haggadah took on a special meaning. And many visitors came from outside the walls, particularly young people returning to spend the holiday with their old parents. It was also my thirty-eighth birthday. On Sunday, what remained of our family gathered together: my sister, Lena's brothers and their wives, and Izak Rubin.

We talked mostly of Wlodek. We did not know that we were enjoying our last chance to be together. The night before, the SS General Jürgen Stroop had arrived in Warsaw, bearing in his pocket a secret order from Himmler:

"I order the destruction of the Warsaw ghetto."

II

ON THAT very same Sunday (April 18) at 6 o'clock P.M., Polish police surrounded the ghetto. Within an hour the underground declared a state of emergency. The fighters were assigned to their posts. Weapons, ammunition, and food were distributed, along with supplies of potassium cyanide. By 2 A.M. the next morning (April 19) the Poles had been joined by Ukrainian, Latvian, and SS units, who ringed the ghetto walls with patrols stationed about thirty yards apart.

I had just come on guard duty at our apartment house when two boys from the Z.O.B. arrived to order us all to our shelters. They were about twenty years old, bareheaded, with rifles in their hands and grenades stuffed into their belts. It did not take long to alert everyone; by dawn the ghetto was a ghost town. I awakened Lena and the others in our flat; we put on the best clothing we could find, and took the linen bag we had filled with lump sugar and biscuits cut up into small squares. About thirty people gathered in our shelter.

We had only one weapon among us: Izak's revolver. Izak crouched at a peephole near the entrance to the shelter, from which he could see part of the courtyard. An ingenious network of tunnels connected us with the "outside" world. Through a tunnel extended to the front attic of our house, in turn connected with others, one could reach a spot just above the corner of Muranowska and Zamenhof Streets. The north side of the building, which fronted on Niska Street and the *Umschlagplatz,* could be reached by a special passage that had been drilled through the carpenter's apartment. This same passage connected with No. 62 Zamenhof Street, where a resistance group was preparing to make its last-ditch stand. On the second floor a hole had been bored through to one of the lavatories in No. 42 Muranowska, from which we were put into connection with every building on the block.

Despite all our elaborate preparations, the German operation came upon us suddenly enough to upset all plans—those of the hundreds of people who had prepared to slip out to the "Aryan" side at the very last moment, and had documents and lodgings waiting for them, and, of course, Kapko's grand scheme. That "very last moment" had come, and it was now too late for anything.

On Monday morning, the Germans marched into the ghetto through the gate at Gesia and Zamenhof Streets and took up positions in the little square opposite the *Judenrat* offices. Convinced that the resistance would not fire on Jews, they sent members of

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the Jewish police in their front ranks. Our fighters let the Jewish police go by, and barraged the Germans who followed with bullets, hand grenades, and home-made bombs. The intersection of Zamenhof and Mila Streets, where the resistance occupied the buildings on all four corners, became the scene of a real battle. Home-made incendiary bombs, flung from an attic window, hit first one tank and then another. The tanks burst into flames and their trapped crews were burned alive. The troops panicked and scattered in disorder.

I lay on the attic floor with Izak, watching all this going on below. Izak's orders were to cover the withdrawal of our unarmed people should it become necessary for them to leave the shelter; several times I saw him point his gun and then, reluctantly, withdraw it. Below us German officers were trying to urge on their panicked *"Judenhelden"* with pistols and riding crops: the men who had been so powerful and assured when dealing with women and children and old men, were now running from the fire of the resistance. Scores of German bodies lay scattered on the pavement.

When Isak and I returned to the others in the shelter to report on what we had seen, people embraced and congratulated one another, laughing and crying. Some began to chant the Psalms, and an old man recited blessings aloud.

(Later we learned from some of the fighters that the first battle of the Warsaw Ghetto resistance had occurred at the corner of Nalewki and Gesia Streets, where a German unit marching into the ghetto had been caught totally off guard and where, after several hours, this first German unit withdrew, leaving behind their dead and wounded. But replacements came, and the fighting continued at this corner off and on all day. The resistance group's meager supply of grenades and bombs finally gave out, and they then had to retreat through the back of the house at 33 Nalewki Street. Before pulling back, they set fire to the warehouse at 31 Nalewki, where the SS stored their Jewish loot. The warehouse continued to smolder and burn until the very end.)

It was night before the gunfire, most of it coming from the direction of Muranow Square, seemed to have stopped. We waited till it got very dark, and then crept down into the courtyard to exchange information with our neighbors. Huge billows of smoke were rising from around Nalewki Street. There had been very little activity at the *Umschlagplatz,* we learned, and only a few Jews had been led out through Zamenhof Street. Two fighters came into the courtyard (giving us a bad moment—they were dressed in SS uniforms) and told us the day's happenings.

The shooting we had heard from Muranowska Street came from a battle between a strong resistance group at 42 Nalewki Street and a German unit retreating from the fighting at Nalewki and Gesia Streets. This unit had backed into the doorway of the building and had been entirely wiped out from the rear. Later in the afternoon, a second German unit had appeared in the Square, this time armed with howitzers and flame-throwers. The resistance men there were under the command of Pawel Frenkel and Leon Rodal, and were the best armed and best trained in the ghetto. They occupied the houses along the eastern and southern sides of the Square, and using the passageways between the buildings, were able to keep changing the direction of their fire. The enemy retired from the ghetto after sunset.

The original battle, the one at Nalewki and Gesia Streets, had not gone so well for us. There had been heavy losses on both sides; but when our boys were forced to retreat from their position, the Germans took over Gesia Street and with it, the ghetto hospital. The SS first worked its terrible vengeance on the sick, going through ward after ward with bayonets and guns; then they shelled the building and set fire to it. Those patients and staff members who had made it to the shelters died in the fire.

ALL day Tuesday we watched the glow in the sky that indicated shelling in the vicinity of the Brushmakers. The Brushmakers had its own independent fighting unit, headed by Marek Edelman; and when the Germans opened attack on the district—for only 28 people out of 8,000 responded to the Germans' summons to report for deportation—they walked into a mined booby-trap at the entrance to 6 Walowa Street.

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Stroop then called for artillery fire on the entire Brushmakers' area. The resistance suffered very heavy losses, and house after house caught fire. Fighting was taken up again in Muranow Square. There the Germans had set up a concentration of tanks, heavy machine guns, and flame-throwers. The resistance, on the other hand, had an underground passage to the "Aryan" side, and throughout the battle was being supplied ammunition by the Polish resistance. Muranow Square was the only Jewish position that did not suffer from an extreme shortage of weapons. In the end, some of the Jewish fighters managed to escape through their passage to the "Aryan" side.

From our observation point, we could actually see flashes of the fighting going on in Zamenhof and Mila Streets. And from time to time there were columns of deportees moving up Zamenhof, under SS escort, to the *Umschlagplatz*. One of these columns was rescued by gunfire from 29 and 62 Zamenhof, which scattered the escort and allowed the deportees to get away.

The apartment house across the street caught fire, and the sparks carried by the wind constituted a real danger to us. In accordance with a plan previously agreed upon, I made my way to the building next door where—amazingly enough—there was still a telephone in working order. I calmly reported the fire to the fire department, and within a few minutes they appeared to put it out. It took some time before the fire department, undoubtedly under German orders, ceased responding to our calls.

Tuesday evening a blood-red glow hung over the southern end of the ghetto, and here and there throughout the rest of the ghetto a building was burning: in some instances, like that of the warehouse, from a fire set by the resistance, more often from the shelling and occasional air bombardment. That night the grapevine offered sensational news: the uprising had spread from the ghetto to the whole of Warsaw. Organizations like the AK (the Home Army) and the GL (the People's Guard) were joining their Jewish comrades; an unlimited supply of arms was making its way to the ghetto; more important, we heard, the Allies had promised to parachute troops and supplies to us. We would show the bastards yet!

For the first time in two days, we lit the stove and ate cooked potatoes and kasha from our reserve stock. We then went to sleep in our own beds, full of hope for tomorrow.

But Wednesday was no different from the day before. We could hear the same gunfire and explosions. The fires were spreading. This was the day that Stroop began to close in, using two thousand trained troops, and thirty officers, with tanks, machine guns, and air power. Ammunition was giving out. And our boys were retreating from one position to another. There was no question that we would be defeated—but everyone fought on.

For Stroop the major problem was the tens of thousands of civilian Jews holed up in their shelters. Himmler's order had been categorical, but to pull the Jews individually out of their hiding places before destroying the ghetto might take months. The resistance understood this too, and after two days of street fighting, decided to save their ammunition for the defense of the bunkers. Stroop, then, was faced with the challenge of extricating Jews from the ghetto at the risk of a house-to-house skirmish for each and every one of them.

It was a challenge he was equal to. He called in the army engineers and ordered them to set fire to every building. The engineers moved methodically from house to house, drenching the ground floor with gasoline and setting off explosives in the cellars. The ghetto was to be razed to the ground. However much substance there might have been to Tuesday night's life-giving rumors, there would be nothing to save us now. And activity was stepping up at the *Umschlagplatz*.

The ghetto by day was filled with death: fire spreading unchecked, street fighting at an end, lines of contact from section to section broken; but by night, it became pure phantasmagoria: flames and clouds of smoke and the crackle of burning wood. The crash of collapsing buildings drowned out the sound of gunfire, but occasionally the wind would carry a nearby moan or a distant scream. In his report of April 22, 1943, Stroop wrote: "Whole families of Jews, enveloped in flames, leaped out of windows or slid to the ground on bedsheets tied together. Measures were taken to liquidate these Jews at once."

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THEN CAME Easter Sunday. The day was bright, and the citizenry of Warsaw, dressed in their finest, crowded into the churches. I thought, perhaps Wlodek is among them. When the mass was over, the holiday crowds pushed through the streets to catch sight of Warsaw's newest spectacle (stopping for a moment, maybe, in Krasinski Square, to see the new merry-go-round?). Batteries of artillery were set up in Nowiniarska Street, from which the Germans kept up a steady barrage against the ghetto. And everywhere the flame, and the stench of roasting human flesh. The sight was awesome—and exciting. From time to time a living torch would be seen crouched on a window sill and then leaping through the air. Occasionally one such figure caught on some obstruction and hung there. The spectators would shout to the German riflemen, "Hey, look over there . . . no, over there!" As each figure completed its gruesome trajectory, the crowds cheered.

Fighting of a sort was still going on inside the ghetto–scattered and disorganized, but determined. Those people who had been burned out of their shelters were roaming the streets, looking for hiding places. We allowed another ten people into our shelter.

IT WAS now the ninth day of the uprising, Tuesday, April 27. Someone who had been sent out to reconnoiter brought us word that the Germans were coming into our street. We heard shots in the courtyard, and then the call: *"Alles 'runter! Alle Juden 'runter!"*

"They are setting fire to the staircases and the ground floor apartments," Izak whispered. We could hear nothing, but in half an hour the heat became unbearable and black smoke began to fill the shelter. Our turn had come.

Izak announced that we were to evacuate the shelter. Nearly half our companions refused to budge. They had chosen to use their potassium cyanide, and with a kind of gentle indifference they sat watching the rest of us scurrying around. Below us was an inferno; our only way out was by the roof. There were five of us now, Izak, Lena, I, and two other friends; I never saw what happened to the others. We crossed the roof onto that of the neighboring house, not yet on fire. Then began a tortuous journey through attics and passages and dug-outs and cellars. Our plan was to get as far away from our burning house as possible, and, under cover of night, cross the pavement to the backs of the houses on Mila Street, then down Mila and across Nalewki to a certain house that still had a passageway out of the ghetto.

By late afternoon we were at the middle of the block. At dawn Izak went to scout: we had to cross the street, find a shelter, contact a fighting group. Before he returned, we heard the now-familiar sound of windows breaking and smelled the smoke. The staircases in this building were in worse condition than our own had been. We went to the roof again, and sat, dazed by the fresh air and sunshine, straddling the roof's peak. What were we to do now? The look of death had come over Lena's face and I discovered that in the scramble for the roof, the little bag she had been wearing around her neck had slipped loose and was gone. In that bag was our last refuge: cyanide. We had to decide, then, whether to remain on the roof and burn alive or to try to make our way down. One of our friends decided for us: "There is always time to die," he said. We scrambled down through the burning staircase and ran out of the doorway with our hands above our heads. We were led by a waiting German officer out into Muranowska Street. A large number of Jews from the surrounding apartment houses were already gathered there. Among them were a few of our neighbors.

One of the SS men kept staring at Lena and asked her her name. She gave him her married name, and he walked away without a word. They had been classmates together at the university.

We were lined up five across, and made our way toward the *Umschlagplatz*. As we passed Niska Street, Lena clutched my hand. A woman, holding a child by the hand, stood screaming at an upper-story window and then threw herself into the street. This was our last sight of the Warsaw Ghetto.

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GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

COMING OF AGE ON THE CAROB PLANTATION

THE FIRST time I tried to come of age, my sinews turned to butter and my father threw me. Another try, the girl was a fundamental Baptist and swerved in time. So I quit trying, and just let it happen. But as soon as I'd made it, Maturity loomed before me like a mountain. What is this 20th-century Maturity that it should loom so before us as it did not in front of our ancestors? "In 1901," says Ernest Jones in his biography of his master, "Freud, at the age of forty-five, had attained complete maturity, a consummation of development that few people really achieve." A man-made mountain up which a 20th-century Sisyphus is expected to push the boulder of his life.

Do you suppose there really were tribes that would insert boys into one end of a rite and extract men from the other? (A Bar Mitzvah is meant to do that: "Today I am a man." But nowadays among us, the ceremony is about as impressive as a wedding in a judge's office in the county courthouse.) I don't really doubt that there were actual people called Manus, any more than that there were actual people called saints. I've seen photographs of the one and thigh bones of the other. I am as willing to accept Margaret Mead's word that she actually stayed with the Manus as James the Deacon's word that he was in front of the basilica in Antioch with Nonnus, his bishop, and seven other bishops when Pelagia, the first of the dancers, came riding by on an ass. Yet I question the truth of their stories. On the whole, I go further with James than with Mead, because he tells a tale so much better than she does. (This excerpt from his narrative is taken from Helen Waddells's *The Desert Fathers.*)

> Passing through our midst, [Pelagia] filled the air with the fragrance of musk and of all scents that are sweetest. And when the bishops saw her so shamelessly ride by, bare of head and shoulder and limb, in pomp so splendid, and not so much as a veil upon her head or about her shoulders, they groaned, and in silence turned away their heads as from great and grievous sin.
>
> But the most blessed Nonnus did long and most intently regard her: and after she had passed by still he gazed and still his eyes went after her. Then, turning his head, he looked upon the bishops sitting round him. "Did not," said he, "the sight of her great beauty delight you?"

Now there is a bishop whose fairy-tale virtue delights me. To such a man a harlot might well come begging to be converted. How pleasant that, when the devil wailed and tempted at the feast celebrating Pelagia's conversion, Bishop Nonnus gave her the strength to beat the devil.

I have yet to read a Mead-type anthropologist who tells a story as well as James

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the Deacon. Even if he were naturally endowed, he would not do justice to the story of his experiences "in the field," because he goes to study people. To him, studying people means figuring out the motives for their observed behavior and finding the patterns those motives describe. To me, it means, also and ineradicably, attributing alien motives to the characters he is telling about and making alien patterns of his own out of their motives—splendid and much-employed devices for story-wrecking. Here is an example from *Growing Up in New Guinea* of how Mead aborts her stories:

> Main had been five times widowed. Her only child had died at childbirth. Her first husband had died, her second she had left, her third had taken her by force. From him she had returned to the second, who died soon after. A fourth and fifth [*sic*], first as intrigues, later solemnized, had followed. Her path was strewn with infidelities. Of the Pontchal clan only two men still lived, all the rest had died in the influenza epidemic. In native belief the two who lived, lived only because they had confessed to what the others no doubt concealed, intrigues with Main. She was a jolly impudent woman, self-sufficient, sensuous, sure of herself, devoted to various nieces and nephews—those who remained after their brothers and sisters had died for her sins. She was a little stupid and went about at night in fear of the spirits of her five dead husbands.

MEAD'S specialty is interfering with her characters in such a way as also to interfere with the reader's understanding of them. In fact, labeled "anthropological interpretation," this interfering is the reason for her book's existence. I do not think that Main's going about at night in fear of the spirits of her five dead husbands proves that she is stupid, but I think Mead thinks so, and this seems to me like alien arrogation on her part. (By fuzzy writing, she has made it not quite certain what she meant; perhaps she intended the conjunctive *and* to be taken disjunctively.)

If Mead had known what she was doing, she would have told saints' legends as James the Deacon did, for her intention is to reprove us for our evil ways by drawing morals from the stories she tells—in this following instance an obviously sound moral.

> To treat our children as the Manus do, permit them to grow up as the lords of an empty creation, despising the adults who slave for them so devotedly, and then apply the whip of shame to make them fall in line with a course of life which they have never been taught to see as noble or dignified—this is giving a stone to those who have a right to good bread.

But, having instead turned science into a false religion and having put on robes of priesthood, she announces in her introduction loftier purposes than preaching.

> Countless generations of men have experimented with the possibilities of the human spirit. It only remained for those of inquiring mind, alive to the value of these hoary experiments, to read the answers written down in the ways of life of different peoples.

If she knew how to handle English prose, I would take these "experiments" as a kind of metaphor. But she elaborates the idea humorlessly and at length; it infuses all eleven pages of her introduction. One must take her quite literally: "I made this study of Manus education to prove no thesis, to support no preconceived ideas." This representation of her own intention is sincere. She who presumed to study others knew herself so little that she could think this statement true.

Well, she could have done worse. That is, she could really have done what she thought she was doing, have *just* studied how the Manus grew up, and have written them into that worst form of narrative, the pure case history. Her interfering was not cold of heart. At least she cared, about them and us too.

"Here," she is saying in effect, "is the Manus system of raising children, obviously bad. See how the American system resembles it. Convert to the new, Scientific system, which is good." She was one of

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several zealous missionaries: we converted. It has not proved to be a good enough system to warrant the disruption of converting, in good part because false science's Maturity is as hard to achieve as was Calvin's Heaven. Harder: it took Freud himself forty-five years to make it, whereas Calvin was born elected.

As NEARLY as I can make out, Maturity is what used to be called wisdom. But wisdom obviously cannot be exactly defined, whereas Maturity seems to be exact because it seems to be the same as biological and social maturity, only better, and maturity simply means "of age but not yet senile." Wisdom is a spiritual quality, and if there is one thing for which false science has less use than another, it is spirit, spirituality, the soul; *psyche* is the word, for you can add *ology* to it and sound as though you know exactly what you're talking about. Wisdom is mysterious and rare, and often a man's wisdom is patchy; but Maturity sounds like maturity, a natural state of development which it is pathological not to attain. Wisdom is given we know not how or why. Maturity, like modern marriage, you work at; you strive for it; you surmount obstacles to attain it.

I was reared in the American Protestant system so loudly deplored by the cultural revolutionaries of Mead's generation. Luckily my family was neither typical enough nor odd enough to attract the interest of any measurer more intrusive than the census-taker. Anyway the professional offspring of that missionary generation had not yet proliferated as they have come to since the war. The motivational researchers are no great threat because, however new-fangled they seem, they do it for the old old reason, money. It is the institutional problem-solvers that appall, such tinkerers as operate the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research at Berkeley: they conceive of a man's soul as something for them to take apart to see how it ticks. (To find out what they do and how, read Kenneth Rexroth's admirable essay "My Head Gets Tooken Apart" in his collection of essays, *Bird in the Bush.*)

To those who hold this least humane of attitudes, a human mystery, even the most intimate mystery of love or artistic creation or religious faith, is a problem unsolved only because it has not yet been correctly stated. As citizens they may or may not be concerned over the human, the merely human, consequences of what they are doing; I cannot tell. But I do know that they restrain their cold passion no more than do those biological-warfare technicians and those engineering physicists who are solving the "problem" of how to annihilate life on earth. They seem to think of themselves as outside good and evil when they assault a problem. They are Mallorys who think it is enough that the problem is there; the consequences of solving it are no concern of theirs at the time of solving it. They are super-Mallorys and exhaust themselves climbing mountains which they themselves have bulldozed into being. I heard a problem-solver say, "In another generation we will have solved the mind-body problem." Back to Mead! However self-deceived and wrong, at least she wanted people to love one another. If one had persuaded her that the self-consciousness caused by her intruding upon the mysteries would itself pollute love and sometimes make love impossible, she might have stopped.

In case histories, the narrator commonly refers to himself not as *I* but as *E;* he conceives of himself as an experimenter, passionless and amoral as an instrument. Whether one who aims to solve the problems of other people's souls becomes a sort of instrument, as he believes, or whether he succeeds only in becoming a monstrously de-natured man, as I believe, his way of learning must alter what he learns even as his way of telling does alter what he tells.

After bringing *S* [a school child] from

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> the classroom to the testing room, an introductory conversation took place during which the establishment of good rapport was attempted. Then *E* asked *S* to tell a story to a TAT card. (From Volume 57 of *The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*).

Even when such actions do no immediate harm, surely the ambience of self-consciousness they generate is only alienating, their distracting intrusiveness utterly without dignity, and their mere existence destructive of dignity.

Consider two ways of wrecking the story of Abraham tempted by God to sacrifice Isaac. Mead's way is to try to present nothing but what happened and what it meant—meanwhile, of course, interpreting Abraham's motives in such a manner as to lambaste him and us for being horrible parents (there are no divine ordinances in her universe). But the way of the true problem-solver, someone like a personality researcher, would wreck the story totally. I have a fantasy of Abraham's having his personality researched: a continuous film is being taken of his face as he rides for three days to the land of Moriah; the firewood that Isaac is carrying up the mountain is bugged so there will be a tape recording of Isaac's asking where is the lamb that is to be sacrificed and of Abraham's answer: "My son, God will provide himself the lamb for a burnt offering." (How fast, how steady are the voices? How many decibels?) Nothing would please a problem-solver more than to be taking an encephalogram of that hundred-and-ten-year-old man, knife raised over his only son, whom he loves, when the angel calls "Abraham! Abraham!" and he answers, "Here am I."

Perhaps angels do not, or cannot, come and speak to the studied; perhaps they can and do. But wired, taped, filmed, bugged, Abraham would have been so trapped in the finite world ("of which," says Kierkegaard, "reason is the stockbroker") that he would have been too distracted and self-conscious to hear the angel in time. The story would have ended differently. Israel would not have been the same. The history of the world would have been—as it is now being—altered unimaginably. Self-consciousness is one sort of deafness to the word of God.

For many people, solving a problem (like shooting a rifle) is fun in itself, a kind of innocent play. The moral question is: what are you aiming at? Just as no man has the right to shoot into a crowd of schoolchildren, so no man has the right to unconnect us, to violate another's soul.

In "Behavior in Extreme Situations," Bruno Bettelheim describes how the Nazis in experimental concentration camps succeeded in alienating men from themselves. Sometimes I fancy that the problem-solvers, in a steady nine-to-five, Monday-through-Friday way, would like to find out if they can alienate a man from himself without driving him to madness or suicide, just to see if it could be done and to study what would become of him after they had done it. I more than fancy, I believe, that the drift of their present experimentation is toward self-consciousness without self-knowledge and that this self-consciousness generates self-alienation. Perhaps some of them would agree that this is the case; but I further believe, as they demonstrably do not, that, however interesting self-alienation may be to study, it is bad to bring about, that one should not bring it about no matter what one might learn from doing so.

What will ever restrain the pure problem-solvers? Apparently, it will not be concern for the damage they are doing or repentance for the anguish they cause. Perhaps one can get at the would-be-pure psyche-mechanics through their vanity. Being intelligent, perhaps they could be persuaded that posing for themselves such pseudo-problems of the soul as Maturity makes them look stupid. Take my deplorable coming of age on the carob plantation in the Southern California desert: one who had come to study me might have pried and probed till he learned

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what happened but he never could have known what mattered unless he were told about it with words, aromatic, slippery words, unsolving and insoluble words.

AT THE TIME I wrestled with him, my father (whose first two names are Paul Revere) was a bit older than I am now and already bore an unmistakable resemblance to John Brown. In a photograph of John Brown taken in 1856 when his raids were beginning, Brown's head stands proudly on its neck like my father's, his face is shaped and furrowed like my father's, and his unmatched eyes and bitter mouth are an extreme of my father's. I see Brown's eyes as not going with each other, and his mouth as not going with either. One eye is bright and idealistic, the other is heavy and dark from looking at too much evil; the mouth is ferociously determined. But, as I interpret him, his mouth does not have a clean line as it would if he were singly resolved, if his resolution were to perform one upheaving act in which the ideal that made one eye bright should assault the evil the other eye saw. Instead, Brown's mouth has the irregular line of a man whose own will has been polluted by the evil he has looked at too long, and who knows his will is unclean, and whose knowledge makes his great symbolic act excessively destructive but does not keep him from performing it. Intolerable evil as John Brown saw it took the social form of slavery; he saw that by destroying first some slave-holders and then himself he might catch and fire the conscience of his countrymen, as in fact he did. But his martyrdom was not a pure sacrifice, it was also an escape from guilt; for the killings, those at Pottawatomie, the first ones, had not been merely divinely ordained executions of social criminals, they had also been criminal murders themselves.

The social evil my father loathed was usury, but he killed no bankers. He was that religious oxymoron, a gentle Calvinist—that is to say, a Quaker. He knew he could keep the murder in his heart from reaching his hands; he was not so violently torn apart as John Brown was. In the 1920's in Indiana my father was building up a dairy farm which he worked himself. When the Depression began hitting farmers, he could not meet his mortgage payments; the local bank, whose president was also an elder of the church (these were high-church Quakers, with a preacher and elders), foreclosed without mercy. Maybe a ferocious Presbyterian like John Brown would have smelled revolution in the air, have scoured around shooting a few bankers and stockbrokers in God's name till he was arrested, and, by seeing his execution as a sacrifice, have turned his executioners into tyrants against whom the poor and defeated might rise. But in my father's religion vengeance was the greatest sin, even greater than vanity, and he plucked murderousness from his heart whenever he found it lurking there. That it was there sometimes I have no doubt. Years later he told me that he had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan did not ride in Indiana in the 20's, it was a sort of lodge. Nevertheless, he joined it, and the Klan it was.

Evil as I see it is well-engineered modern warfare, that mutual self-destruction for which "war" is too sweet a name, that utterly dishonorable *unconnecting* which the world's rulers advise us toward and threaten us with. I am not well qualified for sacrificial assassination and I am too inept to escape being captured. I am unsure which of them to kill, which generals, problem-solving physicists, heads of state; they are so well guarded that I doubt that I could kill more than one if I tried or that my execution would be presented publicly as other than a sort of pest-riddance, and even if it were to be seen as heroic martyrdom, my drugged, depressed, rich fellow-citizens would not rise; I do not know God's will, I could not pretend to act in God's name, no one would believe me if I did. All the

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same, one of the many mornings when the Kennedys and Khrushchevs were further unconnecting us by an increase of fear (fear caused by their strong threats to undo us with bombs), I caught a glimpse in the bathroom mirror, as I lifted my razor, of John Brown's mouth and unmatched eyes. It is my fortune that I have neither clan nor creed to support my murderousness and that I have my writing in which to discharge it. I have imagined in detail how.

QUAKERS have no sacraments and they put great store in restraining all those natural urgencies by which the soul is kept from a naked confrontation with invisible God; they are against ritual. Nevertheless, they do not restrain every part of their nature all the time, and sometimes natural impulses—my father's and mine at any rate—need ceremony. Aubrey has this anecdote about Sir Walter Raleigh and his son, who lived in ceremonious days:

> Sir Walter Raleigh, being invited to dinner to some great person where his son was to go with him, he said to his son, "Thou art expected today at dinner to go along with me, but thou art such a quarrelsome, affronting . . ., that I am ashamed to have such a bear in my company." Mr. Walter humbled himself to his father, and promised he would behave himself mighty mannerly. So away they went. He sat next to his father and was very demure at least half the dinner time. Then he said, "I, this morning, not having the fear of God before my eyes but by the instigation of the devil, went to a whore. I was very eager of her, kissed and embraced her, and went to enjoy her, but she thrust me from her, and vowed I should not, for your father lay with me but an hour ago." Sir Walter being strangely surprised and put out of countenance at so great a table, gives his son a damned blow over the face. His son, as rude as he was, would not strike his father, but strikes over the face the gentleman that sat next to him and said, "Box about: 'twill come to my father anon."

My father and I, Quakers in a desert, blundered foolishly for lack of ceremony. Formal, empty ritual is a tourist cathedral with guides instead of priests. What of the substance of ritual uncontained by its forms? Like other people, Quakers need to come of age.

One Saturday night during the winter I was thirteen, my mother bathed and tucked away the smaller children, and told me to get ready to take my bath. The round zinc washtub was set on the kitchen floor as usual. A few inches of warm water were poured into it, and washrag, bathbrush, and soap were on a stool beside it. But instead of leaving me to wash myself alone, coming and going indifferently, my parents sat themselves down next to the tub and watched me bathe. I cringed invisibly. My mother kept glancing at my sprouting hairs, but said nothing about them or where they were. My father scrubbed my back with the bathbrush. He coughed a couple of times. "We've got to work some of the fat off the boy." Then, on what impulse I cannot imagine, he swiped my crotch from behind with the brush, whacked me on the buttocks, laid the towel across my shoulders, and stomped into the other room.

That didn't do it.

The next year sometimes things would recede, as though I were looking through a telescope backward. I rather enjoyed playing with the illusion, which did not interfere when I was reading; having the kitchen stove, my next younger brother, or the kerosene lamp suddenly become small and distant did no harm that I could see. When I told my mother about it, she thought I was reading too much, and took me to a doctor, "a specialist." This priest-like stranger found nothing wrong with my eyes and gave me a general physical examination. "I see you are a man," he said and poked around my genitals. I nearly fainted. He told my mother there was nothing wrong with me but some functional disorder. It took me twenty years to dispel the miasma of anxiety

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caused by the word *functional*. Still, maybe his poking was a placebo of sorts; within a few weeks after the examination things quit receding.

That didn't do it.

THE FOLLOWING summer when I was fifteen, I began thinking I was stronger than my father. I was taller and heavier than he, and I could run faster. Once I won a secret contest with him. As he was hoeing the weeds from a row of carobs, going at the pace he maintained steadily for a nine- or ten-hour work day, I hoed my row much faster than he did his. Never mind that I only worked for a couple of hours; never mind that he did not know we were in competition: I was better than he. After supper one evening when my parents were sitting out on the porch watching the blue mountains turn black with dusk, I called to them to watch me, went to the Model-T Ford, and lifted mightily till one wheel came off the ground. At least I thought and said it did. Mother squealed gratifyingly and told me to be careful. Father grunted and said that was pretty good. I challenged him to wrestle. He barked scornfully. I baited him. Mother told me not to be silly. I said I was stronger than he was. He scowled, and puffed on his cigar. I bet he was afraid to try me—just once? He laid his cigar on the railing, shook his head, and came down the steps. Mother yelped a little; she leaned forward in her rocking chair, her arms hugging her bosom, and told us not to do anything serious, we were just playing. We were not just playing. I circled Father, who rotated while waiting for me. When I lunged for his neck, he grabbed me around the middle. I got an arm around his neck, to be sure, but my bones melted and my knees buckled; all I was doing was hugging him. He threw me hard enough to knock the wind out of me a bit, put one knee on my belly, and pushed my shoulders to the ground. Mother told him to help me up, but he left me to get up by myself. Mother wanted to console me, but I went off by myself.

That didn't do it either, but it did something.

As I was shuffling away I heard Father complain that he had wrenched his hip when he'd thrown me. Mother clucked and murmured something I did not catch.

"Heaven on earth," he said "I don't know what the boy wants."

He did not know what I wanted but he gave me some of it. Once in a while I'd catch glimpses of it in a mirror.

I guess I came of age in the usual, unshapely, American way—that is to say, by turning twenty-one. As for this uphill Maturity they're trying to sell us on—it's just functional. So far as I know, not even a Mead has found even an empty ceremony celebrating the way anybody attains Maturity. Till I have found, as I have not found, some ill-shaped experience groping for a Maturity-ritual, I will instead pray—archaic and imprecise though it be—for wisdom, for occasional gifts of unstudiable wisdom, and give up trying to climb mountains that don't need to be there.

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RONALD STEEL

THE DEMISE OF NATO

TODAY NATO is floundering in a permanent state of crisis, for the two conditions on which it was built—American invulnerability and European weakness—have virtually disappeared. The nuclear stalemate has erased the significance of American atomic supremacy, while the evolution of military technology has made the United States directly vulnerable to attack. Europe, for its part, has reconstituted itself into a stable and powerful economic force, one which is eager to assert its independence and potentially capable of defending its own interests. In combination, these two changes in the world power structure have undermined NATO's foundation and thrown its future into doubt.

In its original conception NATO was meant to be a simple guarantee pact between the United States and Europe. It held out the promise that America would intervene if necessary to prevent Western Europe from falling under Communist control. Thus it was, in effect, an extension of the Monroe Doctrine from the Western hemisphere to Europe, with a repudiation of that provision which forbade our interference in European affairs. For the Europeans, the pact with America offered the promise of a desperately needed breathing space to help them weather the early postwar period of social unrest and economic hardship. Behind the shield of NATO—and with the stimulus of the Marshall Plan—the Europeans would build up their own economies so that they might become secure from subversion within and strong enough to protect themselves from without. The alliance, then, appeared to be in everyone's interest: it gave the Europeans an opportunity to reconstruct their economies without the burden of a large-scale arms program; and it gave America the assurance that the resources of Western Europe would not drop by default into Russian hands.

But if the avowed purpose of NATO was to serve as a military adjunct to what was essentially an economic aid program —the idea being that the Marshall Plan would ultimately pay itself off in the ability of the Europeans to provide their own defense—there was also another view of the relative priorities of American military and economic involvement in Europe. The Truman administration, in fact, was split in two over the issue. On the one side were those who saw the Soviet threat as primarily political-economic and only secondarily military; for them NATO was a fence behind which Europe could rebuild its shattered house. On the other side were those who conceived the alliance as a military counterforce to the Soviet presence in Eastern

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Europe, and as a device for securing advanced bases for American power. In this view, Soviet aggression was believed to be imminent, and NATO was therefore seen only as the prelude to a vast rearmament program designed to achieve parity on the Continent with the Russians.

These two views were quite irreconcilable because they rested on totally different interpretations of Europe's needs and Russia's intentions. The conflict, however, was soon resolved in favor of those who regarded NATO as the framework for a powerful military counter to the Soviet Union. Accordingly, the alliance was transformed from a simple guarantee pact, under which America promised to come to Europe's defense in case of a Soviet attack, into an integrated military force pooling the resources of Europe and America. Within less than two years after the treaty was signed, Secretary of State Acheson called for the rearmament of Germany and the incorporation of ten German divisions into a European land army.

Despite this change, however, the alliance continued to rest—as it had rested since its inception—upon the strength of the American nuclear deterrent. The nuclear guarantee was the ultimate line of Western defense, and—despite token military integration—control of the deterrent lay entirely in American hands. So far as the Europeans were concerned, this meant that there was always the danger that the United States, for reasons of its own safety, might one day decide to withdraw the guarantee, thereby leaving the continent vulnerable to Russian aggression. American involvement in Europe was too recent a phenomenon for Europeans to take for granted; more vivid in their minds was the long history of American isolationism. Nor could the creation of a European land army solve this problem, for even with a large conventional army Europe could not deter the Russians from using their nuclear weapons if there were no fear of American nuclear reprisal. Thus, the Europeans were obliged to find some means of making sure that in the event of Russian aggression against the Continent, the United States would be committed from the very start.

The answer lay in the American troops stationed in Europe as a contribution to the NATO land forces. The presence of these soldiers served, in a way that no promise or treaty possibly could, to guarantee that the United States would be immediately drawn into any military struggle in Europe. In other words, these troops were simply American hostages to Europe. Whatever additional functions they may have had, this was—and still is—their primary purpose, and it explains why our European allies have always been determined to keep them there. Unable by themselves to hold back any serious Soviet assault, the American divisions in Germany are the only tangible proof that the American nuclear guarantee really does extend to Europe.

Obviously, neither American nor European strategists could openly admit this, not even to each other. Such an admission would have horrified the United States Congress (which had been persuaded that NATO was the first step toward a mystical trans-Atlantic brotherhood), and it might have led to a new sweep of isolationism—exactly what the Europeans were bent on preventing. Consequently, elaborate theories were designed to account for the American land forces in Germany: they were there because the Europeans were outnumbered by Russian "hordes" (although census figures revealed this to be nonsense); or to serve as a "trip wire" which would bring an immediate nuclear response to any Russian land probe (although the Europeans could have played the same role themselves—if they had trusted the American guarantee).

So the Europeans got their hostages—but only at a price. The price was the creation of sizable land armies which were larger than the token commitments they

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had originally been prepared to make to NATO. Faced by labor shortages, material scarcities, and public hostility, the governments of Western Europe nevertheless restored the draft and devoted a considerable proportion of their scarce resources to building an army that was larger than they wanted and one for which NATO strategy could assign no function.

But the American hostages in Germany not only assured the Europeans that the United States was inextricably involved in the fate of the Continent; they also made the American nuclear deterrent more credible to the Russians. America's strategic nuclear arsenal, plus the tactical atomic weapons at the front, together formed the backbone of European defense. If the Russians relied upon their superior conventional forces to start a westward probe, they would be decimated by American short-range tactical weapons. And if they should be so foolish as to launch an all-out attack on Western Europe, America's strategic nuclear force would be unleashed in terrible retribution against the Soviet Union itself.

This strategy was reasonable so long as the United States retained a monopoly on tactical atomic weapons. But the whole picture changed when the Russians incorporated tactical atomic weapons into their army as well. From that point on, any confrontation of forces in Central Europe promised to escalate into a full-scale nuclear holocaust, and NATO's pledge to use atomic weapons in defense of Europe would only be realizable at the cost of transforming the Continent into a radioactive charnel-house. While the distinction between a nuclear war fought with tactical weapons and one fought with strategic weapons may be relevant to residents of Chicago, it is of little significance for the millions of people concentrated in the narrow land corridors of Europe.

In short, despite the missile bases, despite the nuclear stockpiles, despite the troops trained in the use of atomic weapons, NATO's nuclear strategy ceased to make sense on the day the Russians equipped their own forces with tactical nuclear weapons. At that moment it became unmistakably clear that America's vast nuclear force, all protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, could only be used to *deter* the Russians from launching an attack on Europe—but never to fight battles on the Continent once war had erupted. If deterrence ever broke down, there could be no nuclear defense of Europe that would not also mean the destruction of Europe. Yet to have admitted this would have been to demolish the entire foundation on which NATO's elaborate structure for defense had been built.

It was to cope with the new situation and restore a lost credibility to NATO that the Kennedy administration proposed an increase in the alliance's land forces from 23 to a total of 30 divisions. In the eyes of its advocates this proposal offered the prospect of a conventional NATO response to any Soviet land probe in Central Europe without the suicidal resort to nuclear weapons. By an unfortunate coincidence, 30 was exactly the number of divisions which NATO had earlier claimed was the bare minimum necessary to support a strategy relying on the very tactical weapons that it now proposed to circumvent. How the same 30 divisions could serve either strategy equally well was a mystery no one cared to explain.

This increased land force would have to come from the Europeans themselves, giving them the task of countering any Russian land attack by conventional means. As its part in the new strategy, the United States would continue to keep its troops as hostage in West Germany, but its principal contribution would be the awesome nuclear arsenal which it harbors for the joint defense of the West. From an American point of view, this division of labor—European manpower plus the American nuclear deterrent—seemed an ideal solution to NATO's defense problems: at long last the old Dulles

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doctrine of "massive retaliation"—so bold in phrase, so meaningless in effect—could be put to rest. From the European point of view, however, the new strategy has come too late and promises too little. For the advent of the intercontinental missile, by making the United States itself vulnerable to Russian nuclear power, has brought the credibility of our guarantee to Europe into even more serious question than before.

Nations are often loyal to one another; sometimes they will even fight on their friends' behalf. But nuclear weapons have made war qualitatively different from anything nations have experienced in the past. Nobody can be sure that a nation will deliberately commit suicide in response to an attack on its allies. The Europeans know that "'never" and "always" have been said too many times in the history of alliances for any nation to count upon them; and they well remember Czechoslovakia in 1938 and Budapest in 1956. De Gaulle voiced a widespread underlying fear in Europe when he said:

> America and Soviet Russia are able to strike one another directly and no doubt reciprocally able to destroy one another. It is not certain that they will risk it. No one today can know when, or how, or why one or the other of these great atomic powers will use its nuclear arsenal. One has only to say this in order to understand that as far as concerns the defense of France, the battle of Europe, and even the world war such as they were imagined when NATO was created, all is brought into question.

For the supreme task of nuclear deterrence, then, alliances have ceased to be psychologically credible, although they remain useful for other purposes. Only a political confederation can give the assurance that an attack upon one really is an attack upon all. But the "Atlantic community," however laudable a goal, is still little more than rhetoric, and the disintegrating NATO alliance appears increasingly unlikely to furnish a stable base for a political union between America and Europe—one which neither partner seems willing to translate from hyperbole to reality.

Apart from all this, the new emphasis on conventional forces in Europe is no solution to the disagreements within the alliance because it consigns the Europeans to an inherently inferior role. Europe today is an emerging great power, the economic equal of America, and potentially capable of defending itself. Caught up in the vision of European union, a vision which we ourselves encouraged them to form, and impelled by the very economic recovery that we ourselves fostered in order to make them self-sufficient once again, the Europeans are no longer content to leave the ultimate decision between war and peace concentrated exclusively in American hands. There should be nothing surprising in this. "It is," as Henry Kissinger has pointed out, "against all reason to expect our European allies to integrate their conventional forces in a joint command and to place increased reliance on a conventional defense, while one partner reserves for itself a monopoly on the means of responding to the Soviet nuclear threat and freedom of action in employing nuclear weapons."

In sum, it is not simply that certain defense policies have become outdated, but rather that the whole structure of the alliance has become anachronistic, and is not likely to be revitalized by gimmicks such as nuclear multilateralism and missile-carrying cargo ships. Multilateralism, under which the United States and the European allies would both contribute to a pool of nuclear weapons, is simply a device for side-stepping the basic question of who shall control the West's nuclear forces. If the projected joint nuclear force were to be controlled by a committee of nations operating under majority rule, it would have the power to pull the United States into a nuclear war even against its own will—a situation

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that no American President has ever proposed and that no Congress would permit. If, on the other hand, the joint nuclear force is to be subject to an American veto—as the administration has admitted—then there is little hope that it will satisfy the desire of the Europeans for a greater role in their own defense. All it offers them is the dubious privilege of paying for expensive American-made weapons which they cannot control, for which even Pentagon strategists can find no military justification, and which promise to make Germany the fulcrum of a powerful nuclear missile force in a spasmodic effort to block France's modest nuclear efforts.

NATO's strategic crisis might be less severe if the only point of contention between the United States and the Soviet Union were centered in Europe. Then it might be reasonable to suppose that American and European interests were identical, and it might reasonably be argued that it is in Europe's best interest to continue relying on the American nuclear monopoly. But unfortunately, the struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union is not confined to Europe. Latin America, Southeast Asia, and Africa are all implicated too, and the events of the past few years have shown that the interests of our European allies in these areas often differ from our own. Latin America is peripheral to Europeans' concerns; our involvement in Vietnam elicits either their disinterest or disapproval; and in the long Congo crisis we learned that our closest allies were most opposed to our policies. NATO, whatever the pretensions of its enthusiasts, is not a global alliance; it is only a pact between America and Europe for the defense of Europe. Beyond that it may have great expectations but little substance.

THE interests of the two partners, as they conceive them, have diverged significantly in the past, but perhaps never so greatly as during the recent Cuban crisis. The importance of this episode can hardly be exaggerated, for as nothing since the Suez landings in 1956, it brought home to the Europeans the full extent of their bondage to American strategy and their total inability to influence that strategy. It revealed the true balance of forces within the alliance, showing the difference between power in being and power in theory, and it demonstrated how NATO really works in times of crisis.

To most Americans, the handling of the Cuban crisis seemed at once brave and judicious, authoritative and magnanimous —a triumphant display of military power tempered by political wisdom. While it may indeed have been all of these things, the Europeans viewed it from a different perspective. For them there were two crucial lessons to be drawn from the Cuban crisis. The first was that the United States was ready to risk the nuclear obliteration of its allies in defense of American interests, although the United States would not allow itself to be drawn into danger in defense of European interests—as its actions in the Suez landings demonstrated. The second lesson was that the two nuclear giants would impose whatever settlement they saw fit upon weak third nations involved in their power rivalry.

The showdown between America and Russia was *Realpolitik* on a grand scale, the most naked military confrontation they had yet engaged in. To Washington officials, their intoxicating victory seemed to indicate that the Europeans had even more reason than ever to put their faith in American diplomacy and American protection. But the Europeans—who were neither consulted in advance nor allowed to assume that they could in any way influence the course the United States had embarked upon—interpreted this victory quite differently: they saw themselves in the place of Cuba, forced to accept a settlement imposed upon it by two great nuclear powers acting in concert. It was, so far as they were concerned, Suez all

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over again, with Cuba the victim instead of Britain and France. From this point of view, the moral of the Cuban crisis was that when the chips are down nations without nuclear weapons will always be forced to acquiesce in the will of the nuclear powers. Rather than undermining the European desire for an independent nuclear deterrent, as Washington imagined, Cuba only reinforced it.

By acting unilaterally in Cuba, the Kennedy administration did everything that was consistent with the interests of a great power, and everything inconsistent with the maintenance of an integrated alliance. It is not that its actions were wrong; a great power must pursue its interests even at the expense of alienating its allies. But these actions revealed that the alliance, for all the rhetoric about interdependence, is still made up of one powerful nation and a group of its protectorates. Such an alliance of unequals, based upon an outdated political vision of the world, and structured upon the permanent dominance of one of the partners, cannot outlast the disappearance of the conditions which originally led to its creation. NATO is faced with a crisis it can no longer avoid. In an age where alliances are becoming obsolete, it must either be replaced by something completely different—that is, an Atlantic community to which the United States would relinquish its sovereignty, its control of nuclear weapons, and its diplomacy —or else the alliance will dissolve as Europe constitutes itself as a great power with its own independent system of defense. Considering the sad history of military alliances based on external threats, and the tendency of nuclear weapons to reinforce rather than undermine national sovereignty, it seems that NATO is in process of joining that long and distinguished list of disintegrated alliances.

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NATHAN GLAZER

HERBERT H. LEHMAN OF NEW YORK

TO ANYONE growing up in New York City in the 1930's, the trinity of LaGuardia, Lehman, and Roosevelt seemed as fixed and permanent as the city streets. It was hardly possible to remember who had preceded them as mayor, governor, and President; it was hardly possible to imagine any of them ever being defeated. And indeed, so long as they chose to run for these offices, all three of them did prove invincible. LaGuardia retired in 1945, Roosevelt died in office in 1945, Lehman after ten years as governor became director of UNRRA during World War II.

The earnest, efficient Governor of New York State had none of the flamboyance of his two great contemporaries. There are no good stories about him, as both a *New Yorker* profile-writer of the 30's and his sympathetic and honest recent biographer, Allan Nevins, agree.* But Lehman was not to be defined in history solely by his career as governor. LaGuardia and Roosevelt died, but Lehman went on to seven years in the Senate, and finally, and most remarkably, he entered in his eighties on yet another phase of his political career, becoming the elder statesman and major single resource of the New York Reform Democrats. Perhaps the greatest political triumph of his career—one can scarcely say his last—was the defeat of the regular Democratic organization by the Wagner-Reform coalition he forged in 1961. In this astonishing victory, Lehman's sagacity, energy, experience, and wealth played an enormous role. By now, in a different era, the only defect of the great governor seems cured: he appears today almost colorful against the gray background of contemporary New York politics, for he reaches back to and reminds us of more colorful days.

Lehman's career is awe-inspiring in its length. Before the turn of the century he worked with Lillian Wald on the Lower East Side at her Henry Street Settlement; during the first decade of the century he helped to form several American corporations; in World War I, he was among the organizers of the Joint Distribution Committee, laboring to save Jews from the battlefields over which the soldiers of the Czar and the Kaiser were fighting. And yet to understand Lehman's career one must go back even further, to the decade before the Civil War, which is, in fact, where Nevins begins his biography. It is no irrelevant snobbery about ancestors that makes it necessary to begin there: it is rather that Lehman comes directly out of the ethos that was being formed by German Jewish immigrant peddlers and merchants in the small towns of the United States in the 1850's. In this very distinctive world, family loyalty, sobriety, business skill and enterprise, and a decent

NATHAN GLAZER, a former editor and frequent contributor, last appeared with "Cuba and the Peace Movement" in our December 1962 issue.

* *Herbert H. Lehman and His Era,* Scribner's, 448 pp., $7.50.

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appreciation of education, culture, and charity combined to create a seedbed for a large number of admirable citizens. Flexners, Strauses, Schiffs, Guggenheims, Lewisohns, Seligmans, Lehmans—the country is dotted with their museums and hospitals and concert halls as well as with less tangible evidences of their skill at the making of money and their generosity in the giving of it.

Lehman's father and uncle started out before the Civil War in Montgomery, Alabama, as merchants and traders. A Southern patriot during the war, the elder Lehman subsequently moved to New York, the growing center of American business, as so many Jewish merchants from Southern towns were doing in the 70's and 80's. It was in New York that Herbert Lehman was born and raised, attending Rabbi Gottheil's Temple Emanu-El along with the other young people of the prosperous German Jewish families in the city. Columbia and Barnard were their favored colleges, but one of Lehman's teachers persuaded his father that Williams would be better for him. In 1899, a graduate of Williams, he returned to New York, where his brothers and cousins were developing Lehman Brothers, but instead of joining the family banking house immediately, he entered the office of a textile concern (with which, to be sure, the family had connections). The company was located on Worth Street, in one of those handsome cast-iron fronted buildings which housed the textile trade for so long, and are now coming down for parking lots. His friends in those days included, Nevins tells us, "Eugene Meyer . . . who had come from California and Yale, [and who] was head of his own banking firm; Paul Sachs, of Goldman, Sachs & Company, his career as head of the Fogg Art Museum all before him*; Sam A. Lewisohn, whose sister married Lehman's brother, and entered his family's banking house; and Hans Zinsser, [who] was well embarked upon medicine."

This background provides one of the major shaping elements of Lehman's career. Even before he went away to college he had discovered the teeming East European Jewish ghetto on the Lower East Side and its problems. One of the Schiffs, it seems, first took him down to the Henry Street Settlement, where he learned about tenement reform, sweatshops, and all the rest. Later came the First World War and the establishment of the Joint Distribution Committee; and after the war he was active in the great enterprises of the "Joint" in helping in the reconstruction of the economic base of Jewish life in Poland and Soviet Russia. When, many years thereafter, Lehman took over the nascent international organization that was being readied in 1943 to aid in the rehabilitation of Europe and the other theaters of war, he came with vast experience in many fields, including the specific one of setting up relief projects under adverse political conditions. Sixty-five years after his first visit to the Lower East Side, Lehman sits on the board of the Henry Street Settlement; is active in the affairs of the Jewish Theological Seminary and the American Jewish Committee; and visits the new zoo in Central Park that he and his wife have given to the children of the city. The stretch of years is very long, but one can still trace a strong, clear line of connection from the German Jewish community that was being shaped in the New York City of the 1860's to the activities of the former governor in the New York City of the 1960's.

ALONGSIDE the civic and philanthropic work, there was the banking career, which began when Lehman entered the family banking house in 1909. Investment banking has always offered a particularly strategic position from which to view and understand the major trends in American

* Note in recording the relations between German Jewish banking and culture that the Loeb in Harvard's Loeb Classical Library and the Loeb in Kuhn, Loeb and Company are one and the same.

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society and economy. It permits one—indeed it requires one—to examine in detail new needs and new opportunities and the various ways in which entrepreneurs attempt to tap and organize them. Lehman Brothers was no exception. The firm supplied capital to the Underwood Corporation in 1910, the F.W. Woolworth Company in 1911, the Continental Can Company in 1913, and helped launch the Studebaker Corporation, as the climax to a sequence of mergers, before World War I. In its smaller way, Lehman Brothers performed the same services—and reaped the same rewards—as J. P. Morgan and other important investment bankers in creating the great American corporations. The Lehmans became rich—and Herbert Lehman acquired an education that was to serve him well in later years.

But here again a remarkably strong line of connection can be traced back to the special world of the mid-19th-century German Jewish immigrant merchants. For the Lehman firm was most closely identified with the huge new developments in merchandising in the first decades of our own century—the rise of the mail order houses, the department stores, and the chain stores—and German Jews were prominent in all these fields. As Nevins writes:

> This leadership [in financing and advising the largest companies in the distributive industry] they were destined to keep, so that in 1950 the firm could declare: "Of today's twenty largest retailing enterprises, Lehman Brothers has been or is presently regarded as investment broker for more than half." The house has had a particularly close connection with the development of the department store in the United States. It played a principal role in finding capital for the creation of Federated Department Stores, Allied Department Stores, and Interstate Department Stores, and it acted as financial agent for R. H. Macy & Company, Gimbel Brothers, and other famous establishments.
>
> Widening the path they had opened by financing the F. W. Woolworth Company in 1912, the partners also acted as investment bankers for S. H. Kress & Company, the W. T. Grant Company, and other chain stores.

And after World War I, Lehman Brothers also financed "several substantial groups of department stores in Germany largely controlled by Jewish interests."

The firm was not limited of course to the distributive industries. Aside from the early involvement in automobiles (through Studebaker), there were truck trailers (Fruehauf), shipping (American Export Lines), consumer credit (C.I.T. Financial Corporation), aviation (Aviation Corporation), rubber (Goodrich), metals (American Metal Company). But there was no question where the center of activity lay. Herbert Lehman's last great enterprise as a banker before the crash of 1929 and his entry into public life was to help arrange (along with Samuel D. Leidesdorf) the sale of Bamberger's department store in Newark to R. H. Macy. Bamberger's was owned by the bachelor Louis Bamberger and his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Fuld. With the money from the sale of the store, and with the advice of Abraham Flexner, Bamberger established the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton—just in time to create a haven for Albert Einstein and other scientists and scholars escaping from Hitler. Lehman was a member of the first Board of Trustees.

Here, then, we have a typical example of the way German Jewish merchandising, banking, and philanthropy all interlocked. For while investment banking was indeed a valuable bridge to understanding and influencing the larger American world, it was also closely tied to the smaller German Jewish world. Some of the merchants from little stores in the South became department store owners, and some became bankers, and the latter helped finance the former. They were very often related; family ties were close and were strengthened by strategic marriages, and

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business dealings flowed easily along family lines.

Now, though, as we turn to the political career which is after all the heart of Lehman's story, the web of consistency is broken. There was very little in German Jewish experience in America that tied up with politics. The making of Jewish wealth has been rather remote from politics, compared, at any rate, with the wealth of some other ethnic groups. Jewish wealth was not big enough to be involved in the high policy of the nation, as was big wealth in heavy industry; nor was it very closely connected to local politics, except insofar as the merchants wanted honest and efficient government.

Political skills are probably in part inherited, and there was little in this area that Lehman could inherit from his family. Nor was he a "natural." He did not try out his talents on the stage, as Al Smith did. He did not have a deep knowledge of and interest in American history and politics. And yet he became one of the most successful politicians New York State has ever known. He ran for office ten times, defeating such formidable opponents as Robert Moses, Thomas E. Dewey, and John Foster Dulles, and he was beaten only once. If he had not been Jewish, he would certainly have been a contender for the Presidency, as every New York governor automatically is (consider the sequence of Smith, Roosevelt, Dewey, Harriman, Rockefeller). No one should underestimate the combination of ability and ambition and drive (as well as sheer luck) that such political success in New York State requires.

There are many routes into politics, and I imagine Lehman's would strike most professional politicians as rather peculiar. Businessmen do sometimes go into politics late in life, as witness Wendell Wilkie and George Romney, but usually after they have achieved a name for themselves. Lehman, however, was an investment banker, and those gray eminences seem to prefer not to develop an identifiable name. On the other hand, he was interested in politics even as a young man, and in the problems that politics deal with. Just out of Williams, he joined a local Democratic club. He was of course anti-Tammany, but a Democrat as his father, a Southern patriot, had been. (It is their Southern origin which helps explain why some bankers are Democrats.) He also ran a boys' club for the Henry Street Settlement and learned about the troubles of the Lower East Side. His main form of participation in politics, however, was inevitably financial.

In 1912, along with many other reforming and progressive Democrats, Lehman supported William Sulzer, the Lower East Side congressman, for the governorship. Sulzer was anti-Tammany, and he won. Immediately upon taking office, he got into a violent fight with the organization over a direct primary bill, and was rousing the state to support him against the legislature when a legislative investigating committee revealed that he had not reported a number of substantial campaign contributions, including one of $5,000 from Lehman. Testifying at Sulzer's impeachment trial, Lehman had no trouble in convincing his hearers that he had given the money to support what he thought was an honest reformer and expected nothing but progress in return. "As he came down from the stand," Nevins relates, "a Republican senator plucked his sleeve. 'You really gave Bill Sulzer $5,000 with no strings whatever?' . . . 'Yes,' said Lehman. 'Well, you're just the kind of man the Republican Party needs!' "

There is another story, also involving $5,000 of Lehman's money, which is wonderfully revealing of the usefulness of bankers and their relatives in politics. During the Presidential election of 1916, the early returns showed Charles Evans Hughes ahead and Woodrow Wilson losing; as the night wore on, Wilson moved out front by a small margin, and

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it became clear that California would decide the election. The Democrats, watching the returns from their headquarters in New York, were afraid that the Republicans, then in power in California, might try to steal the election: "Money was needed instantly to hire guards over the ballot boxes, and nobody knew where to find it. Happily, Lehman had an uncle in San Francisco, I. W. Hellman, who was head of the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank. He telegraphed asking that $5,000 be placed immediately to the credit of the Democrats, and although Hellman was a Republican, the money was ready as soon as the bank opened."

But money and access to money were not the only financial assets Lehman brought to his political activities; his detailed knowledge of business and banking also helped to further his career. Thus during the Sulzer administration, he was appointed to a committee engaged in a massive revision of the New York State banking laws, and during World War I he worked in the Navy Department in Washington on purchasing and procurement of supplies, and then on dismantling the huge machine that had been built up to provision the military. A supporter of Alfred E. Smith for the 1924 Democratic nomination in the lengthy and exhausting battle in Madison Square Garden between immigrant and small-town America, Lehman in 1928 became financial chairman of Smith's campaign committee. In that campaign, Franklin D. Roosevelt was prevailed upon to run for Governor of New York State. Since Roosevelt was still recovering from infantile paralysis, part of the agreement stipulated that an energetic and capable lieutenant governor, on whom the major burden of administration would fall, be nominated along with him. Lehman was chosen, and thus at the age of fifty, he found himself running for the first time for public office.

His experience in business, both public and private, and in philanthropy, had prepared him well for administrative work, and during F.D.R.'s four years as governor he struggled efficiently and conscientiously with the problems of the great depression—the closing of the banks, the needs of relief, the difficulties of conducting the state's business in the face of falling revenues. He did a good job as lieutenant governor, and he felt that he deserved the governorship when F.D.R. moved on to the Presidential nomination in 1932. The organization, however, led by Curry of Tammany, preferred him in Washington, and had it all arranged for him to be nominated for senator, with Robert F. Wagner getting the nod for governor. But Lehman wanted to remain in Albany, and had his own organization, even if one of a rather different character from the party's—Adolph S. Ochs of the New York *Times,* for example, privately put pressure on Roosevelt to force the party to nominate Lehman for the governorship—and by this time he also had a public name, and considerable power. Nevins describes how at the state convention he strode into the hotel room in which the chiefs of the New York State Democratic Party—Curry of Tammany, Dan O'Connell of Albany, Kelly of Syracuse, Murphy of Troy, McCooey, and others—were meeting to settle on the distribution of nominations, and announced that if they tried to nominate him for the Senate, he would decline. The party chieftains were checkmated.

A critical reading of the story, as Nevins tells it, makes it hard to see precisely why Lehman thought they were planning to knife him in the back. After all, they *were* ready to send him to the Senate, and this is where most governors seem to want to go. Lehman himself was very eager after World War II to get into the Senate. Indeed, the story reminds one, both in the violence with which Lehman reacted to the parceling out of the prizes by the party chiefs, and in the

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vagueness surrounding the causes of this reaction, of what happened twenty-six years later at another New York State Democratic convention. This was the convention at which De Sapio, Curry's successor, wanted to run Frank Hogan for senator instead of the liberals' choice, Thomas K. Finletter. It was a disastrous convention for the New York Democrats. The cry of "bossism" helped produce a crushing defeat for Governor Harriman by Nelson Rockefeller, and it also brought the big guns of the New York State Democracy, Herbert H. Lehman and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, solidly into the camp of the Reform Democats and led to the complete defeat of the organization in 1961.

In both cases, the organization's sins seem venial. The argument in 1932 was how to distribute two good men in two good offices; the argument in 1958 was also over two men who did not as far as one could see differ greatly in competence, character, or appeal. The real passion, one may legitimately infer, was aroused by deeper and less rational considerations: as Daniel P. Moynihan has brilliantly shown,* the divisions in the New York State Democratic party are more tribal than ideological, and tribal warfare has always been notoriously bloody and unmeasured.

Back in 1932, to be sure, the tribal elements, the conflicts between German Jews and white Protestants and Irish Catholics, probably played a smaller role in American politics, even in the Empire State, than they do today. Tickets were not as neatly balanced thirty years ago as they are now. (Lehman did not, as far as the record shows, succeed in politics because he "represented" the Jews or could get Jewish votes: the chief elements in his rise were money, managerial experience, knowledge of finance.) In 1932 the First World War seemed far away; even the battle over immigration restriction seemed far away—who would want to emigrate to the United States in 1932? Hitler had not yet risen to forge German and East European Jews in America into a single self-conscious group; the Spanish Civil War, which broke the easy alliance of Al Smith's day of immigrant Irish Catholic and immigrant Jew, was still far off in the distance; so was the Second World War and its aftermath, the struggle over Nazism and Communism which divided groups on the basis of religion and nationality rather than simply economic need and interest.

Lehman was among the best governors New York has ever had. He was able to reorganize state finances, to urge programs for public development of natural resources, to improve the prisons, to expand the mental hospitals, to develop welfare and housing programs, and to improve the administration of relief. None of these problems was solved for all time; they never are; and every governor, if he can keep his mind on state business, faces them anew. Lehman, because there was really no place much better for him to go, remained governor for ten years, and could apply his full attention and energy to state affairs. And he was as successful as one could expect in the enormously difficult task he next undertook—the management of UNRRA, the relief and rehabilitation agency which tried to move into the devastated countries right behind the invading Allied armies.

MEANWHILE, the world was changing and Lehman, the banker, the governor, the relief administrator, changed with it. He had never been a Zionist; along with others of his group, he had put his faith and his money into the rehabilitation of the Jews in Europe, and had seen Palestine only as a supplementary means of relief. These men were not nationalists, but Hitler changed all that. When Lehman entered the Senate in 1949, he was an ardent supporter of the new Jewish

* See "Bosses and Reformers: A Profile of the New York Democrats" in COMMENTARY, June 1961.

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state, and he has remained a strong supporter since. Historical developments had brought the one-time investment banker and the one-time socialist Jewish masses close together, and he was their leader in almost every sense.

In rather old-fashioned style, Lehman never consulted the polls or the portents to find out what the people were thinking before deciding what he would say. During the depression, this system—or lack of system—worked because what was demanded from a governor was economic efficiency and social conscience, and he had both. When he entered the Senate, he was too old and too independent to find it necessary to consult his constituency in detail; but by that time he was almost identical in outlook with a very important part of it, and when he spoke, as he always did, from his heart and his convictions, he never lost a vote, and indeed steadily increased his hold over the Jews of New York.

The issues which moved him were the same ones that moved them: Senator McCarthy, the immigration laws, civil liberties and civil rights, government ownership of public utilities. He argued his views with such passion that he was apparently less effective than he might have been in the Senate—that gentlemen's club which accepts only a few passions as legitimate, and which for the rest demands compromise and adjustment. This was not Lehman's style. His earnestness aroused admiration and devotion in New York City, but not so much in the Senate or in the country at large—though liberals everywhere were heartened by the old man who could not be induced to moderate his abomination of Senator McCarthy.

In 1956, he returned, almost eighty years old, to New York and to those who understood him, admired him, deferred to him. He discovered that he had greater influence than any ex-governor or ex-senator could have expected, in part because he expressed as well as any man what New York Jews, with their radical past and their liberal middle-class present, wanted in politics. Lehman, stemming from the small and elite German Jewish group, had traveled a very different road from the one the great majority of New York Jews had taken, but they had come out, in the end, pretty much at the same place. Thus in 1962, looking over the whole range of potential candidates to run against Rockefeller, the Democratic leaders decided that they needed another Lehman, but not, interestingly enough, because they wanted the qualities that had first brought Lehman a state nomination thirty-four years earlier. They were not looking for a sound and sober banker and businessman, with a social conscience. They were looking, to put the matter crudely, for a statesmanlike Jew, for this seemed to be the image that appealed to more voters and repelled fewer than any other in the armory of Democratic possibilities.

YET, as the Democratic leaders have learned, it takes more than a Jewish name and a prominent family background to make a Herbert Lehman. It is not Lehman's fault that his many identities—investment banker, philanthropist, governor, relief administrator, liberal senator, Reform leader—have coalesced into a single dominant image: that of the Jewish political leader. Nor was this development the fault of his constituency. It seemed that history, both in Europe and America, was working to make simpler national and religious images important for everyone in politics in the northeastern United States. That such a thing happened is to be regretted, for it impoverishes our ideas of richly complex men. In thinking about Herbert Lehman, however, we can, at least, remind ourselves of how many varied sources went into the making of his character, and how many different works he accomplished in his long and fruitful career. One can only hope that the Jewish group in America remains capable of producing men of equal stature.

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A COMMENTARY REPORT

The First Electrocution

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

THE CONTROVERSY over capital punishment that has developed in recent years generally takes place within a framework of moral principles and statistics. Such matters as whether the punishment should be made to fit the crime, whether society has the right to protect itself by taking the life of a convicted murderer, kidnapper, or rapist, or whether capital punishment, in fact, deters these crimes, have pretty much determined the substance of the controversy. In turn, this controversy has given capital punishment a lively but rather abstract reality, particularly since the act itself now takes place off in a dark and isolated corner of society. Except for a brief item in newspaper back pages the act itself is virtually hidden from public view. Thus a graphic depiction of a modern-day execution like the one in the movie *I Want to Live* could come as a shocking revelation to most of its audience.

Such has not always been the case in America: until fairly recently, the execution of criminals had a powerful hold on the popular imagination and on public attention. And it seems reasonable to assume, as does a recent article in *Newsweek*, that one of the reasons why America has not followed much of the Western world in giving up the death penalty is that "it is deeply embedded in tradition." In order, then, to see the issue of capital punishment as a lingering remnant of the traditional American ethos, it is useful to turn back to the record of the past. Perhaps the most pertinent and revealing chapter in the history of capital punishment in America is provided by the events that led up to and accomplished our first legal electrocution.

* * *

As early as 1851, revulsion against the barbarities of public executions in New York State produced a bill in the legislature for the abolition of the death penalty and its replacement by life imprisonment. In the years that followed, the agitation continued in a desultory fashion, often being eclipsed by more dominant movements like abolitionism and women's rights. Particularly fierce was the criticism of hanging. Since the hangmen were often unskilled, and since the newspapers of the period luridly reported each of their bungled attempts, the reformers found it easy to get a hearing. Yet they were unable to muster sufficient popular support to abolish "the rope."

Among the foes of hanging was a prominent Buffalo dentist by the name of Alfred Porter Southwick, formerly the chief engineer of a Great Lakes steamboat company and later professor of Operative Technics at the University of Buffalo Dental School. In 1881 Dr. Southwick happened to see a drunk touch a live wire and instantly fall dead. Believing that electricity—the new and almost magical form of energy—might provide at least a less uncertain and painful mode of executing criminals than did hanging, Dr. Southwick set to work performing lethal electrical experiments on animals. After a few years of this research, he felt that he had developed a reliable method of electrocution. Some years earlier, Dr. Southwick had helped to secure the passage of the first dental law, and being a member of the Board of Dental Examiners, he now put his political experience in Albany to work in behalf of his new cause.

Evidence of Dr. Southwick's efforts

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appears in a section of Governor Hill's message to the legislature on January 6, 1885.

> The present mode of executing criminals by hanging has come down to us from the dark ages and it may well be questioned whether the science of the present day cannot provide a means for taking the life of such as are condemned to die in a less barbarous manner.

Shortly afterward State Senator Daniel H. MacMillan, a friend of Southwick, introduced a resolution for the appointment of a committee to study and recommend a more humane form of capital punishment. The committee that was then appointed by Governor Hill comprised Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry of the New York Yacht Club, who was also counsel for both the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; Matthew Hall, a resident of Albany; and Dr. Southwick. For a time the committee was unable to agree about the utility of "euthanasia by electricity," as the New York *Times* termed it. A great deal of testimony was taken from reporters, physicians, and expert hangmen, and included the tale of a man who had almost been lynched; his vivid memories of the rope had a strong influence on the committee. In the end, two hundred questionnaires were sent to judges, sheriffs, district attorneys, and doctors. Eighty-seven votes were cast for electrocution, eighty to retain hanging, and the remainder were scattered or noncommital. One writer suggested hanging for men and electrocution for women.

The commission's report, transmitted to the State Legislature on January 17, 1888, can be found in the library of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. Its ninety-five yellow and crumbling pages would provide a sado-masochist's paradise. It describes in alphabetical order and pedantic detail the various forms of execution used throughout the world:

> beating with clubs; beheading; blowing from a cannon; boiling; breaking on the wheel; burning; burying alive; crucifixion; defenestration; dichotomy—i.e., cutting into two parts; dismemberment; drowning; exposure to wild beasts, especially serpent's fangs; flaying alive; flogging; garrote; guillotine; hanging; hari kari; impalement; iron maiden; peine forte et dure—i.e. placing a heavy weight on the chest, which gradually reduces breathing; poisoning; pounding in mortar—(Proverbs 27:22); precipitation —from a lofty precipice; pressing to death; rack; running the gauntlet; shooting; stabbing; stoning or lapidation; strangling; suffocation.

The guillotine was discarded by the Gerry Committee as being too bloody; the garrote was not sufficiently quick and certain; shooting was not proper for a democracy but for a land "where military despotism prevails." Hanging was criticized on many counts, including the custom of giving the condemned man liquor before the execution: "In the moral aspect," the commission noted, "the gross impropriety of sending a man into the presence of his Maker intoxicated is too obvious to require comment." Poisoning by means of hypodermic injection of prussic acid received some favorable interest until the medical profession protested.

In coming out for electricity the committee also took the opportunity to recommend that the proposed Electrical Execution Law provide that the corpse of the criminal be dissected by doctors and also that the burial as well as the execution be kept private. In the words of the Committee "Such procedure rather than returning the body to his companions in crime and sympathizers in its commission—would produce a far more effective result in diminishing crime than under any circumstances that can now be accomplished by the present course pursued by the law." The Report also emphasized that the new law should prohibit newspapers from printing any but the barest details of the executions. This provision was written into the law and was subsequently to lead to the indictment of almost every newspaper in New York City.

On January 1, 1889, the Electrical Execution Law went into effect. On the morning of March 29, three months later, in Buffalo, New York, a young produce peddler by the name of William Kemmler walked out of his house shortly after the neighbors had heard the sounds of a violent quarrel and quietly said to one of them: "I've killed her. Yes, Mrs. Reid, I have and I'll take the rope for it." "Her" referred to

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Tillie Ziegler, a young married woman with whom Kemmler had eloped from Philadelphia some eighteen months before. Kemmler was said to be a shy and quiet man, illiterate but successful in his produce business, scrupulous in his dealings with his partner but subject to lengthy and expensive drunks. Though a heavy drinker, he was a peaceful one, and the cause of his taking an axe to Tillie appears to have been the constant nagging and threats to which she subjected him. In his confession Kemmler described their final argument as follows:

> Tillie was continually talking about my first wife and telling me that she would make me go back . . . and that was continually preying on my mind, fearing she would tell me to go. . . . I was afraid she was going to make me go back to this woman and I know that I would not live happily with this woman after going away from her and it made me feel very bad. She used to always get at me about this woman. I told her to quit that and I told Tillie to go back again; I will fix you up your same little house you had before you made me take you with me. She would not do that. . . .

At the trial, there was some attempt to establish that Kemmler was jealous of his partner, John DeBella, who lived with Kemmler and Tillie and, further, that he had suffered a brain injury some years before. But the jury was more swayed by the gruesome description of the many wounds and bruises he had inflicted on his mistress and convicted him of murder. Kemmler was then sentenced to be executed during the week of June 24, the first execution to be administered under the new law.

However, the Kemmler case was far from over, for it was soon to become embroiled in one of the great public issues of the day, and eventually was to be intertwined with the emergence and course of the new industrialized society. One of the authorities who had appeared before the Gerry Committee was Thomas A. Edison; he strongly urged that alternating current be used in all electrocutions, a recommendation that was later to be supported by the New York Medico-Legal Society. Now it so happened that around this time the Edison Electric Light Company was waging a full-scale publicity campaign against alternating current and its principal developer, George P. Westinghouse and his U.S. Electric Light Co. Edison's direct current generators had largely pre-empted the field until 1886, when Westinghouse took over the patents for a transformer that could harness alternating current and step down its high voltage for ordinary domestic use. In November 1886, Westinghouse installed an a.c. dynamo in Buffalo, which soon began to provide cheaper and more efficient power than that of the d.c. current with its shorter carrying distance. Orders for Westinghouse's new dynamos began to pour in, and Edison saw that his major market in New York City was in jeopardy.

His main tactic was to exploit the public fear of alternating current, the notion being that its high voltage would not only burn out the filaments in light bulbs but also wreak havoc on life and property. A campaign was then under way in New York City to bury underground the high-tension overhead wires which in the 1880's made the city look like a jungle and produced a steady succession of accidental electrocutions from dangling wires. Edison argued that underground conduits would lessen the peril only for d.c. cables. "No known method of insulation could render a high-tension alternating wire safe," he claimed, for the current could easily burn out its tubes and leap into dwellings to kill and destroy—so he said.

To the embattled Wizard of Menlo Park, the plan to execute William Kemmler by means of alternating current furnished by one of Westinghouse's dynamos was a great opportunity to strengthen his propaganda against the use of alternating current. He hired a young electrician, Harold P. Brown, to tour the state, denouncing overhead wires and demonstrating the lethal power of his competitor's current. Brown issued a public challenge to Westinghouse: "To meet me in the presence of competent electrical experts and take through his body the alternating current while I take through mine a continuous current. . . . The alternating current must not have less than 300 alternates per second. We will commence with 100 volts and will gradually increase, until either one or the other has cried enough and publicly admits his error."

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Westinghouse replied with a counter-challenge, but of course neither was accepted. Brown then hinted darkly that Westinghouse used direct current in his own home.

During this vendetta, Edison's popular support steadily rose; for many years he had been a leading newspaper hero: a striking blend of the village tinkerer and the rugged individualist. In addition to the power of his personal image, Edison was able to take advantage both of the voluminous misinformation about electricity and the aura of mystery that surrounded it. Newspapers still referred to it as a "fluid"; and anyone who spoke confidently about its attributes—whether scientific wizard or editorial writer—immediately commanded an awed and respectful audience. Westinghouse, on the other hand, had little skill or experience in making himself heard in the unruly forum of the American press; he knew next to nothing about public relations and Edison's catch-as-catch-can tactics were driving him into a corner.

Soon after Kemmler's sentence, a notice of appeal was filed, and a writ of habeas corpus was obtained in one of the lower state courts on the ground that the state constitution forbade the infliction of "cruel and unusual punishments." Kemmler's defense was now being handled by W. Bourke Cockran, a flamboyant and very expensive Tammany lawyer. Cockran orated that there never had been an attempt to electrocute in the history of the world, which certainly rendered it an "unusual punishment." Further, it had been established beyond dispute "that unless death be instantaneous the torture will be exquisite; and that no means have yet been devised by which immediate death can certainly be produced." In an Irish brogue that "gave an exotic quality to his speech," Cockran quoted from the French Constitution, Jefferson, Macaulay, and Hallam to bolster his rhetoric. "Mummification," "carbonization," "boiling alive" would be Kemmler's fate.

Kemmler's "appeal" led to the appointment of Tracy C. Becker, a young Buffalo lawyer, to take testimony on the efficacy of electricity as a mode of capital punishment. The state would pay referee's fees and the expenses of taking the testimony of witnesses while the defendant would pay for the expenses incurred by his witnesses.

That Kemmler himself was to share the costs of the hearings was a legal fiction since he had little money to start with. Eventually the cost of all the defense appeals, hearings, and incidental expenses was estimated to have run between $50,000 and $100,000. To the newspapers, there was no doubt about who was paying for Kemmler's defense. Westinghouse steadfastly denied he had anything to do with it and repeatedly issued statements and correspondence which the newspapers printed with ill-concealed skepticism. It is probable that other electrical companies which had adopted alternating current also contributed to a fund to defray legal expenses. At a meeting in Chicago in January 1889, shortly after the new execution law was signed, these corporations adopted a resolution that no company should allow a current in its control to be used for the "ignoble purpose" of executing murderers.

THE hearings before Referee Becker began in May 1889. Despite the court's injunction to report back within two months, the hearings were dragged out until September by the many defense witnesses. The newspapers impatiently referred to Cockran's "intolerable imposition on the public." A New York *Times* editorial of the day provides a typical reaction:

> Any mode of execution is liable to misadventures. When a court sentences a man to be hanged by the neck until he is dead, it does not contemplate decapitation, which has been known to occur; but the possibility of decapitation would not be accepted by any court as a reason for denying the execution of the sentence. There is necessarily something experimental in the first trial of a new mode of execution.

Be that as it may, the Becker hearings brought the Edison-Westinghouse feud to its great climax. Edison's experts tried to prove conclusively that alternating current would kill instantly and painlessly, while Kemmler's lawyers attempted to show that this was far from certain. To this end, Cockran and his colleagues rounded up an astonishing array of witnesses, some brought from as far away as the West Coast. The

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most unusual witness was a dog named Dash, a cross between a St. Bernard and collie. Dash, who "was greatly admired by all at the hearing," had been shocked unconscious some months before when he touched a live a.c. wire. Following some neighborly advice, his owner had half-buried him in soil, and after six hours, the dog had come back to life. Several other witnesses testified that they had been struck by lightning.

Eventually Thomas Edison himself was called by the state to testify in its behalf. Edison kept the stand for the better part of two days. It was a great event for the newspapers, all of whom were hostile to Cockran. "The Wizard" was subjected to a long cross-examination, but Cockran couldn't shake his testimony that an alternating current of 1,000 volts would kill. One interesting fact brought out in the hearings was that Edison owned the patents for an a.c. dynamo but hesitated to use it commercially because of its potential dangers. At the conclusion of the cross-examination Edison was asked sarcastically whether he didn't have "an abiding love for Mr. Westinghouse." He said he did not "entertain any such tender passion, but had no dislike for the gentleman named."

Following the referee's investigation (which produced a report of 350,000 words), the court refused to set aside the conviction. The case was then taken to the appellate court which approved the lower court's decision.

Almost a year had passed since Kemmler's indictment and first conviction. During this period and during the months that followed, some 448 days in all, Kemmler lay in solitary confinement, as provided by the law. He learned to read and to sign his name, and the warden of Auburn Prison was said to have become fond of him. After his second appeal, Kemmler was brought to Buffalo and re-sentenced to die on April 29. He is reported to have said:

> I am ready to die by electricity. I am guilty and must be punished. I am ready to die. I am glad I am not going to be hung. I think it is much better to die by electricity than it is by hanging. It will not give me any pain.

In preparing for the execution, the state had signed a contract with Edison's protégé, Harold Brown, for three a.c. dynamos to be installed in Auburn, Sing Sing, and Clinton Prisons. Knowing that Westinghouse would never sell him the dynamos, Brown found intermediaries in Rio de Janeiro who purchased second-hand dynamos from Westinghouse and then trans-shipped them to the United States. Brown sold them to the state for $8,000, thus saving $2,000 of the money that had been appropriated.

The dynamos were promptly installed and the chair was constructed. Public interest steadily mounted. However, on the day of the scheduled execution, another well-known New York lawyer, Roger M. Sherman, sent a federal writ of habeas corpus to Warden Durston of Auburn which stayed the proceedings until the U.S. Supreme Court could decide whether electrocution was a cruel and unusual punishment. Then to tangle things up even more effectively, another writ was obtained from a county judge to test the legal right of any official other than the sheriff of Erie County, in which the murder had been committed, to execute Kemmler. The witnesses and reporters who had arrived to witness the first electrocution returned home in disgust. Several editorials angrily raised the question of why the chief clerk of Westinghouse's law firm happened to be in Auburn while the writ was being served.

Despite Sherman's efforts in Washington, the U.S. Supreme Court tossed out the case in a decision handed down on May 23 by Chief Justice Fuller, who found that punishments are cruel only "when they involve torture or a lingering death." Meanwhile Cockran was arguing in vain before the N.Y. Court of Appeals, that "it was the boon and privilege of the sheriff of Erie County to put Kemmler to death and that this sacred right had been unconstitutionally transferred by the Legislature to the warden of a State prison." For the third time, Kemmler appeared in court to be sentenced to die in the electric chair. After he returned to his cell in Auburn, the Westinghouse Company began to institute proceedings to repossess its dynamos from the state on the ground that they had been obtained by fraud. However, the action was dropped.

World interest in Kemmler's fate revived again as the week of August 4, 1890, drew

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near. "In London, Paris, and Vienna the populace eagerly awaited the meagre details," according to the Utica *Globe*, "and in our own country it attained an importance almost rivalling the result of a Presidential election." Osborne House, Auburn's leading hotel, was filled with newspapermen, though none could be admitted to the execution under the provisions of the new law according to which newspapers were forbidden to print anything but a short statement that an execution had taken place. However, in violation of this law, Governor Hill himself had authorized the presence of two correspondents from the Associated Press and United Press, respectively. With this official encouragement, the other newspapermen had no qualms about violating the law, especially since it was regarded by New York editors, with the vociferous exception of Edwin L. Godkin of the New York *Evening Post*, as a violation of freedom of the press.

Godkin declared scornfully that no high-minded ideals motivated the opposition of his competitors, merely the chance to bring in "a certain amount of filthy lucre to the fiend in the counting room. . . . If no money were to be made by pandering to depraved taste, the law on the subject would be extolled by the very newspapers that now decry it as an infringement of liberty and demand its repeal." Godkin's editorial called for the arrest of every editor who violated the anti-publicity provision.

Meanwhile, Western Union was setting up telegraph wires in a freight depot opposite the prison, so that the reporters could file their stories. The *Post* correspondent helpfully asked if Western Union wasn't worried that it might be indicted for transmitting matter forbidden by the law. A lawyer for the company replied that the law compelled his client to accept messages, and moreover, perhaps these were going to be cipher messages, "couched in terms of the electrical execution of Kemmler, but relating to an entirely different matter."

The electrician in charge of the Auburn plant was interviewed; he predicted "a nice clean job using an a.c. current of 800 cycles per second." Having himself once been rendered insensible by electricity, he described his experience to the reporters as a "kind of choking sensation as if I could not catch my breath." Dr. Southwick, who by this time had earned the nickname of "Old Electricity," was also interviewed and was reported to be opposed to strapping Kemmler into the chair "because he thought it would make him nervous and cause trouble." The newspapers were also carrying in their columns a running dispute over the proper neologism for this new form of execution.

"We pray to be saved," said the New York *Times*, "from such a monstrosity as 'electrocution' which pretentious ignoramuses seem to be trying to push into use. It is enough to make a philologist writhe with anguish. The Bowery slangmakers are likely to hit upon a better word than that if time is given them."

WEDNESDAY morning, August 6, was a lovely summer day—"a sky cloudless, air cool and a slight breeze swayed the treetops." The twenty-five witnesses, fifteen of whom were doctors, were awakened at 5 A.M. The execution was to take place before 7 A.M., for it was feared that the 1,200 convicts at Auburn would be unduly disturbed by a sudden shutdown of the electric power while they were at work in the machine shops.

Kemmler was snoring peacefully when he, too, was awakened at 5 A.M. The New York *Tribune* insisted he was fretful and broke down when the keepers came into his cell. "He sank back in his cot with a snarl," the account read, "almost like that of a wild beast at bay, knowing that there is no escape. A thunderstorm came in—every peal of thunder and flash of lightning made the murderer jump and start."

All the other newspaper descriptions, however, agree that the sky was a serene blue and that Kemmler was quite calm and resigned. When the death warrant was read to him, he turned to a deputy sheriff from Buffalo with whom he had become friendly and said: "Joe, I want you to stay right through this thing. Don't let them experiment upon me more than they ought to."

His trousers and shirt were then slashed at the base of the spine so that the electrodes would come in contact with his skin, and a deputy sheriff clipped the top of his head. Then came breakfast. Following a brief prayer by the minister, Kemmler was

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led down the hall. It was 6:32 A.M. and the warden hoped to be through with the job by 7 A.M.

THE execution was to take place in a room in the basement of the prison's administration building, to which the electric current would be conducted by an ordinary wire. The apparatus consisted of a stationary engine along with the Westinghouse a.c. dynamo, supposedly capable of generating from 1500 to 2376 volts; an "exciter," and a voltmeter with an extra-resistance coil calibrated for a range from 30 to 2,000 volts; an a.c. ammeter from 0.10 to 3.0; finally a Wheatstone bridge, a rheostat, bell signals, switches, and the death chair.

The chair, which was fastened to the floor, had an adjustable head-rest, binding straps, and two adjustable electrodes. It was made of heavy oak, square-framed, with a high, sloping back and broad arms. The spinal or body electrode was attached to the lower part of the chair and projected forward horizontally on a level with the hollow of the sacrum. The head electrode was a bell-shaped rubber cup about four inches in diameter. The part corresponding to the handle of the bell was of wood, through which a wire was passed inside the bell, terminating in a metallic disc about three inches in diameter and faced with a layer of sponge. The wire to the head electrode descended from the ceiling and that of the lower one passed along the floor, protected by a strip of wood.

The dynamo and engine were located in one of the prison shops, several hundred feet away from the execution chamber. The voltmeter, switch, and other instruments were located in a room adjoining the execution chamber. (Both sets of arrangements proved to be horribly mistaken.) Communication between meter-room and dynamo-room was by means of electric bells.

When Kemmler entered the room, Warden Durston introduced him to the assembly, which was seated in a semicircle around the electric chair: "Gentlemen, this is Mr. Kemmler."

Kemmler bowed slightly and was led to a seat near the electric chair, while the electricians fiddled with the wiring and made last-minute adjustments.

Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, president of the State Commission on Lunacy, and Dr. E. C. Spitzka, a New York neurologist, had been designated by the warden as supervising physicians. Dr. MacDonald described the scene as follows in his official report to Governor Hill:

> Kemmler on entering appeared strikingly calm and collected. In fact, his manner and appearance indicated a state of subdued elation as if gratified at being the central figure of the occasion, his low order of intelligence evidently rendering him unable to fully appreciate the gravity of his situation.

Kemmler was then invited to utter his last thoughts. To which he replied: "Well, I wish everyone good luck in this world and I think I am going to a good place and the papers have been saying a lot of stuff about me that wasn't true. That's all I have to say."

The New York *World* charged that "it was only too evident that he had been largely dosed with whiskey." (How the reporter knew this was not clear: first-hand Associated Press and United Press stories made no mention of this presumably obvious fact.) Noting Kemmler's dark coat and vest, light trousers, turn-down collar and narrow linen bow tie of white squares with black checks, the reporter for the *World* mused that "never in his life was he so well dressed as when ready for the grave."

At the warden's command, Kemmler arose, took off his coat, and sat down in the electric chair. His head was secured by the leather bands which encircled his forehead. His arms and legs were secured by broad straps attached to corresponding portions of the chair. As he sat there on the chair, he quietly offered suggestions for fixing the electrodes. Observing the nervousness of the executioner's assistants, he asked them not to hurry. He wanted them to "be sure that everything is all right." He pressed his bared back firmly against the spinal electrodes, and then twisting his head around under the electrodes, he turned to Warden Durston and said: "Warden, that cap had better be a little tighter. It is not tight enough." He told the witnesses that he wanted to perform his part to the best of his ability.

The mask was placed over his face, leav-

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ing his lips and nostrils visible. The electrodes were then given a final moistening in the salt water solution. All this took about three or four minutes.

At 6:40 A.M., the warden stepped back from the chair and said "Goodbye, William." Then he rapped twice on the door leading to the switchroom. E. F. Davis, the state's first executioner, closed the circuit.

Instantly Kemmler's body became rigid; then, suddenly he groaned and appeared to be gasping for breath. After that he was still. Dr. Spitzka waited for seventeen seconds and then said: "That will do. Turn off the current. He is dead." There was another rap on the door and the circuit was broken.

"There," exclaimed Dr. Southwick. "There is the culmination of ten years' work and study. We live in a higher civilization from this day."

After Davis had opened the switch and while the doctors, including Southwick, stood about congratulating themselves on the success of the experiment and discussing the death certificate, Dr. Louis Balch, secretary of the State Board of Health, cried out, "Dr. MacDonald, see that rupture!"

The index finger of Kemmler's hand at the instant of contact had curved inward as the flexor muscles contracted and had scraped off a small piece of skin at the base of the thumb. This little rupture was bleeding.

Dr. Spitzka shouted: "Turn on the current instantly. This man is not dead." The episode was reported by the Associated Press and several newspapers. It is not mentioned in Dr. MacDonald's carefully worded official account. However, the Associated Press dispatch quoted the head executioner's words that "something was wrong about the machinery down there" —referring to the dynamo and the circuit. It turned out that Harold P. Brown, Edison's fugleman, had supervised the building and placing of the apparatus. As the result of a subsequent quarrel with Warden Durston, Brown had stayed away from the execution. The A. P. story is corroborated by a later statement from Robert Elliott, the state's third executioner, which is contained in his memoir, *Agent of Death*. Elliott reported that the head executioner had told him that "the apparatus was not all it should have been. For one thing . . . the electrodes were too small, and caused too much burning of the body."

In any event, the scene was appalling. Kemmler's groans, perhaps nothing more than the final expulsion of breath from his lungs, were nonetheless shockingly real. The U.P. reporter is said to have fainted. The District Attorney of Erie County, the man who convicted Kemmler, ran out of the room in horror. The autopsy report showed that Kemmler's flesh had been severely burned at the points of contact.

Dr. Spitzka was blamed for the fiasco in that he had allowed only ten seconds of current. "Had the first contact been maintained for a sufficient length of time," said Dr. MacDonald, "in all probability there would have been no involuntary movement of the body after it was broken and no unfavorable criticism could have been made." Dr. Spitzka rebutted that the current had been continued for seventeen seconds. Moreover, he was in favor of the guillotine. There was some question as to the accuracy of the various stopwatches in the room.

The newspapers in New York, London, Paris, and elsewhere reacted with fiery rhetoric. "Kemmler is dead," the New York *World* declaimed. "Aye, and the fair, sweet mercy of electric death should die with him. Better, infinitely better, the one quick wrench of the neck-encircling hemp than this passage through the tortures of hell to the relief of death." Dana's New York *Sun* coolly suggested that "Civilization will find other lines on which to manifest progress." The New York *Press* asserted that "the age of burning at the stake is past; the age of burning at the wire will pass also." The London *Times* found that "it would be impossible to imagine a more revolting exhibition," and the London *Standard* was certain that the scene would "send a thrill of indignation throughout the civilized world."

The New York *Tribune* and the New York *Times*, however, were calmer and favored further experimentation. The *Times* editorial, "A Bungling Experiment," admitted that "the advocates of this method of executing the death penalty are for the

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moment put on the defensive, but they have not a failure of method to face. Nothing that they have claimed has been refuted. The first trial was of necessity an experiment and it was not conducted with that care and coolness that were requisite to insure success."

As for two other interested parties, Edison rebuked the doctors and said it was a mistake to have let them handle the execution; Westinghouse remarked that "they could have done better with an axe." Dr. Southwick, the erstwhile opponent of capital punishment, was quoted as follows:

> There is nothing against the system at all and the fact is there has been a great deal of senseless, sensational talk about the execution. . . . In fact, a party of ladies could sit in a room where an execution of this kind was going on and not see anything repulsive whatever.
> No sir, I do not consider that this will be the last execution by electricity. There will be lots of them. [New York is near its 700th electrocution.] It has been proven that the idea was correct and I think the law is the best one. The execution was a success.

The Kemmler execution, despite the New York *Herald's* attempt to keep it alive for several days, was soon pushed out of the news by a Knights of Labor strike against the New York Central, talk of an elevated railroad for New York City, and the appearance of DeWolf Hopper in *Castles in the Air*. The New York *Post's* demand that its rivals be indicted for violating the law met with little support. The newspapers flatly stated that the public owed a debt of gratitude "to the press for making public the new mode of execution," and the representative of the State Attorney-General laughed when asked if he would seek indictments.

However, the next executions—four on the same day—touched off a new wave of trouble with the press. Warden Brown of Sing Sing (where a new death chamber had been built and where all executions have since taken place) not only barred the reporters from the execution chamber, but determined to keep them as far away from the prison gates as possible. Indignantly, they wired stories about the twenty-four hour patrol of guards armed with repeating rifles who "threatened to shoot any and all newspapermen who crossed a certain deadline." Bloodhounds were reportedly also used.

One of the four executed men was Japanese and the press was able to make much of the fact that he "died a pagan" despite the attempts at conversion by Chaplain Law of the Tombs Prison who had been a missionary in Japan. The four executions took a total of an hour and twenty-five minutes. Dr. Southwick was around again and testified that everything went off smoothly. A mild furor was produced by a story palmed off on the United Press by an anonymous eyewitness who claimed that the four men had suffered just as badly as Kemmler had. A New York *Times* editorial accused the Westinghouse forces of circulating this report.

Six columns in the *Times*, eleven columns in the *Sun*, almost 10,000 words in the *Herald*, and similar accounts in the other newspapers—except the *Post*—produced another rise in circulation. A few weeks later, a New York County Grand Jury found indictments against nine newspapermen (including James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald* and Joseph Pulitzer of the *World*) for having violated the Electrical Execution Law. All were arrested between July 24 and August 5 and bail was set at $500. The punishment provided was a year's imprisonment or a $500 fine or both. However, DeLancey Nicoll, the District Attorney, let it be known that he was merely getting up some test cases, and in an interview with the *Herald* he forthrightly attacked the stipulations against the press. One of his assistants generously suggested several points of law that the defendants might use. The *Herald's* headline summed up the issue:

> THE HERALD
> INDICTED FOR
> PRINTING NEWS
>
> The Herald Will Battle
> For the People's Right

Bourke Cockran put in an appearance as defender of the *Herald's* constitutional rights. Bennett declared that "the *Herald*

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considers it an honor to have been chosen as the journal to vindicate the freedom of the press," and only oblique and inconspicuous references were made to the fact that other newspapers had been indicted as well. The *Sun* then joined the campaign. It printed broadsides of opposition to the law from leading citizens—every city desk has a book containing names of leading citizens who are willing to be quoted on any subject. The *Sun* also announced it would oppose every candidate for the legislature who didn't pledge himself in advance to fight for repeal of the press provision.

The next legislature promptly passed a bill to repeal the old electrocution law, and enacted a new one which was more responsive to the interest of the press and the public. It was signed by the governor just in time for the newspapers to cover —legally—the execution of Charles E. McElvaine who had murdered a grocer about two and a half years before. District Attorney Nicoll had the indictments dismissed by the court and the victory for a free press was won.

Eight reporters were invited to McElvaine's execution, among them the redoubtable Arthur Brisbane, then with the *World*. A seasoned observer, Brisbane found that electrocution was a more unpleasant sight than decapitation but "not as repulsive as an average hanging." His conclusion was:

> What most repels the spectator at such an execution as that which occurred yesterday, is the sight of a number of men, who have wives and daughters at home and decent associations generally, deliberately occupying themselves with killing a helpless fellow creature.

Some seven hundred electrocutions later, in March 1963, the New York state legislature revised the execution law so that the death penalty is no longer mandatory for convictions of first degree murder. Whether or not this means that the deliberative body of New York State, or of forty-one others, will come eventually to agree with Brisbane's final point remains to be seen.

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On Trying to be Just

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

To do justice and to receive it is an elemental aspiration of man. It is as elemental as the aspiration to live on after death, to be free from the power of other men, to exert power over man and nature, to love and to be loved. Justice, immortality, freedom, power, and love—those are the poles which attract and thereby shape the thoughts and actions of men. They have one quality in common that involves the distinction of men from beasts and gods alike: achievement falls short of aspiration. A beast does not seek to be more than it is by nature; while a god, being perfection by definition, cannot seek to be more than he is by nature.

Man alone is, as it were, suspended between heaven and earth: an ambitious beast and a frustrated god. For he alone is endowed with the faculty of rational imagination, which outpaces his ability to achieve. His desire to live forever must be satisfied by an act of faith which, insofar as it has an empirical basis at all, rests upon the tenuous foundation of things preserved and deeds remembered. His freedom is marred by the power of others, as his power is by their freedom. His capacity to love and to be loved falls short of his desire. And so it is with justice, but in a peculiar way. Freedom, power, and love, man can have; what he cannot have is the kind and quantity of freedom, power, and love he would like to have. But with justice, as with immortality, it is different: the question here is whether he can have it at all.

The school of thought that answers this question in the negative without qualification traces its ancestry to the very beginning of Western philosophy when Plato's Callicles and Thrasymachus defined justice as the interest of the stronger—that is, equated it with power. As Thrasymachus put it in *The Republic:* ". . . in all states there is the same principle of justice which is the interest of the government; and as a government must be supposed to have power, the only reasonable conclusion is that everywhere there is one principle of justice which is the interest of the stronger." In this view, justice for the many who are lacking in power is an illusion. It is, as we would say today, an ideology with which the powerful conceal and legitimize their power, thereby making its exercise acceptable to the many who are weak. The invocation of justice, then, is an instrument of domination. In the measure that it succeeds, it makes the weak a voluntary subject of the power of others; it internalizes the power relation in the mind and will of the subject. In consequence, the invocation of justice serves the economy of power; for the more that power is voluntarily accepted as just, the less will it be necessary for the holders of power to impose it from above.

This view of justice has been echoed in modern times from Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Spinoza to Marx and Kelsen, and history seems to bear it out. Powerful and weak alike tend to equate their interests with justice. The powerful defend the status quo as just and condemn those who oppose it as unjust. The opponents of the status quo, in turn, proclaim the justice of their cause and the iniquity of things as they are. Nations, religion, classes, parties, litigants, parents and children, husbands and wives—they all fight each other in the name of justice. Since they cannot all be right, may it not be fair to conclude that they are all wrong, deceiving themselves and the world? Per-

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haps Mr. Justice Holmes had the last word on the subject when he wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock about judging "the goodness or badness of laws": ". . . I have no practical criticism except what the crowd wants." And perhaps we can do no better than Pontius Pilate by washing our hands and letting the majority decide what justice requires.

We are not here concerned with debating the view that justice is a mere illusion. Rather we want to show that, even assuming the reality of justice, man is incapable of realizing it. These two positions are by no means identical—any more than denying the existence of God is identical with the view that man is incapable of knowing God, even if He does exist. The position we are taking here has the advantage, at least for cognitive purposes, of coinciding with the one men have always taken because they could not do otherwise. Men have always thought and acted *as though* justice were real. We are proceeding here on the same assumption, but we are trying to show that man cannot achieve justice for reasons that are inherent in his nature. The reasons are three: man is too ignorant, he is too selfish, and he is too poor.

Justice requires that men give to others, and receive from others, what is their due. To be just, man must give to others what they deserve in view of their natures, desires, needs, and actions; and in order that justice be done to him he must receive what he deserves. But where do we find the standards by which we can measure the adequacy of what a man receives and gives? How do we determine the point at which a man gives and receives neither more nor less but exactly what is required by justice?

We all, as a matter of course, pass judgments which assume certain knowledge of such standards. It is the common quality of such judgments that they derive from a particular view of the world, of its constitution and purpose, and of man's place within it. When we say that it is unjust for a man to have so much power or wealth or to use his power or wealth in such a manner, we imply that we know how much power or wealth he ought to have and how he ought to use it. In our society such knowledge typically derives from an equalitarian conception which assumes that justice requires that disparities in the distribution of power and wealth be kept to a minimum. An aristocratic philosophy, on the other hand, assuming the natural inequality of men, will find justice in the unequal distribution of power and wealth and injustice in leveling them off. A libertarian philosophy will identify justice with freedom and be unconcerned with the issue of equality, at least in its economic aspect. And a theocratic philosophy may find both equality and freedom within secular society irrelevant to the issue of justice, since justice will be done in the other world by God. In sum, our knowledge of what justice demands is predicated upon our knowledge of what the world is like and what it is for, of a hierarchy of values reflecting the objective order of the world. Of such knowledge, only theology can be certain, and secular philosophies can but pretend to have it.

However, even theology can have that knowledge only in the abstract and is as much at a loss as are secular philosophies when it comes to applying abstract principles to concrete cases. The two great Papal Encyclicals, formulating the principles of social justice for modern Catholicism, exemplify this insufficiency. In 1891, Leo XIII declared in *De Rerum Novarum* that: "Among the most important duties of employers the principal one is to give every worker what is justly due him. Assuredly, to establish a rule of pay in accord with justice, many factors must be taken into account." Forty years later, Pius XI recognized in *Quadragesimo Anno* that "certain doubts have arisen concerning either the correct meaning of some parts of Leo's Encyclical or conclusions to be deduced therefrom. . . ." And quoting Leo's definition of just pay, Pius has nothing to add but this paraphrase: "The just amount of pay, however, must be calculated not on a single basis but on several. . . ." "Relations of one to the other [capital and labor]," says the Pope in another passage, "must be made to conform to the laws of strictest justice—commutative justice, as it is called—with the support, however, of Christian charity. . . . The public institutions themselves, of peoples, moreover, ought to make all human society conform to the needs of the common good; that is, to the norm of social justice."

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It is clear that nothing follows from these abstract pronouncements, in good measure tautological, for the decision of concrete cases. Was it just for the steel companies to try to raise the price of steel in 1961? Was there justice in the demands of the employees of the New York newspapers in 1963? The pronouncements of religion do not answer these questions, or rather they answer them whichever way one wants them to be answered. The substance of the answers derives not from abstract pronouncements, but from concrete interests. They fill the gap between abstract statements and particular cases.

All of us look at the world and judge it from the vantage point of our interests. We judge and act as though we were at the center of the universe, as though what we see everybody must see, and as though what we want is legitimate in the eyes of justice. Turning Kant's categorical imperative upside down, we take it for granted that the standards of judgment and action, produced by the peculiarities of our perspective, can serve as universal laws for all mankind. The great philosophers have pointed to man's capacity for self-deception, and modern psychology has systematically explored its unexpected all-persuasiveness.

This propensity for self-deception is mitigated by man's capacity for transcending himself, for looking at himself as he might look to others. However feeble and ephemeral it may be, this capacity is grounded in man's rational nature which enables him to understand himself and the world around him with a measure of objectivity. Yet where rational, objective knowledge is precluded from the outset, as it is with justice, the propensity for self-deception has free reign. As knowledge restrains self-deception, so ignorance strengthens it. Since man cannot help judging and acting in terms of justice and since he knows for sure what he wants but cannot know what justice requires, he invariably and dogmatically equates justice with his own point of view. Empirically we find then as many conceptions of justice as there are vantage points, and the absolute majesty of justice dissolves into the relativity of so many interests and points of view. "Why do you kill me?" asks Pascal. "But don't you live on the other side of the water? My friend, if you lived on this side I would be an assassin and it would be unjust to kill you thus; but since you live on the other side I am a hero, and that is just."

Even third parties not directly involved in the conflict of interests—judges, arbitrators, innocent bystanders—cannot, try as they may, escape the relativity of justice. At worst, they will satisfy their interests vicariously by favoring the interests similar to their own. At best, they will bring their particular view of the world to bear on the case; yet the justice they do is justice only within the limits of that perspective.

It is the saving grace of ignorance and egotism that they are easily concealed. For if they were not, they would be a deadly affront to our need to be just. Thus with that biological wisdom which is a quality not only of our bodies but of our minds as well, the poison of ignorance and egotism creates illusion as its own antidote. In order to save ourselves we are not only able, but compelled to delude ourselves into believing that ignorance is knowledge and egotism, impartiality.

The predicament of poverty is a heavier burden because it is not so easily concealed. Here we think we know what justice requires, and we are resolved to act in accordance with it; but we do not have what it takes. We know what we ought to do, and we want to do it; but we cannot. That is the tragedy of trying to be just.

In the economy of justice, demand exceeds supply. The freedom people claim from the government as their due cannot be granted without impairing the power government needs to maintain order. So many people have in justice a claim on our love, but there is not enough love in us to satisfy them all. How does one in justice reconcile the demands of one's work with the claims of one's family, the claims of one's family with those of one's friends, the claims of the individual members of one's family with each other? How does one do justice to oneself and to others at the same time? After satisfying the demands of self (even if they were not inflated as they generally are) what is left over is not enough to go around. However one may try, the accounts of justice never square: there is too much demanded and not enough to give.

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Yet man cannot afford to let it go at that. He must see to it that justice is done, and he cannot admit that it cannot be done. Thus he calls to the aid of justice three remedies, which are expected either to compensate for the deficiencies of human nature or to transcend the problem of justice altogether. The remedies are equal distribution, power, and love.

The equal rationing of necessities of life which are in short supply appears to compensate both for ignorance and poverty. If we are not sure how much we owe and if we do not possess enough of what we know we owe, the best we seem able to do is give to each claimant an equal share of what we have. Yet what may appear to the giver to be the best he can do must still leave the recipient dissatisfied. Since justice requires giving everyone his due, everyone has the right to have his case considered on its individual merits and not on a footing of mechanical equality with all others. That claim, inherent in the concept of justice, is strengthened and exaggerated by the egotism of the claimants, all of whom are naturally convinced that they are superior in need or merit, and that they therefore deserve more than an equal share. King Solomon, proposing to cut the baby in half, shows up the fallacious and even self-defeating character of a remedy which could only be a true remedy if justice—in contrast to law—required nothing more than the mechanical distribution of equal shares.

King Solomon had one great asset which enabled him to do justice in the case of the two women, each claiming the baby as her own: he had the power of a king. Those who think they know what justice requires but have no way of seeing it done can either resign themselves to the injustice of this world, or they can find in that combination of conviction and impotence the motive force for the acquisition of the power to make justice prevail. Men seek to acquire such power through movements of reform, revolution, and war. The more certain men are in their knowledge of what justice requires, the more ruthless they are in the search for, and the use of, power. The end of justice, clearly seen, justifies the means of power necessary to achieve it.

Yet men want power not only as a means to the achievement of justice but also for its own sake. While the aspiration for justice seeks to use power for the ends of justice, it also eggs on the lust which seeks power for power's sake. And in that dialectic between justice and power, power gets the better of justice. For the work of justice is never done and always dubious; the work of power, however ephemeral it may be, is clearly seen and simply enjoyed. "Justice," to quote Pascal again, "is subject to dispute; might is easily recognized and is not disputed. So we cannot give might to justice, because might has gainsaid justice and has declared that it is she herself who is just. And thus, being unable to make what is just strong, we have made what is strong just."

It is, then, the predicament of trying to be just that we are too ignorant, too selfish, and too poor to do what justice demands of us. Yet there is a mode of being and action to which knowledge is irrelevant, in which selfishness is overcome and poverty at the very least takes on the appearance of wealth—and that is the mode of love. Love as the spontaneous surrender of two persons to each other transcends the calculus of justice. The lover does not ask what is his and the beloved's due; he gives and receives all that can be given, even at the risk of the sacrifice of self.

But is it justice to give and receive all that can be given rather than what one ought to give and receive? Love may be superior to justice in its denial of self, but it is not justice; for it is of the very essence of justice to require an objective standard of distribution or retribution which allows us to say: I have received what is my due, and I have given what is the other's due. Thus love evades the problem of justice by transcending it; it does not answer the question justice asks. Trying to compensate for Hamlet's debilitating doubt with Lear's indiscriminate love, we only exchange one defect for another.

Thus we are condemned by the nature of justice and our own to give and to receive either too little or too much, or at least to be ignorant of whether we have received and given too little or too much. In the eyes of man, the accounts of justice never square. Yet we must go on trying to square them—even though, like Sisyphus, we cannot succeed.

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Some Attitudes Toward Jews

MILTON HIMMELFARB

Formalist in the Kremlin

The Jews are a nuisance to Mr. Khrushchev, and he must wish that he could wake one morning and find that they had disappeared—though not by emigration, of course. Writing to Bertrand Russell, talking with foreign visitors, even making speeches to Russian intellectuals, he has to deny Soviet anti-Semitism. Khrushchev is not to be suspected of self-doubt, but it is just barely possible that what infuriates him all the more is a tiny worry he may have about the logic of his denials.

Not that he is worried when he proves to foreigners the impossibility of Soviet anti-Semitism by adducing the number of Jewish wives of the Soviet elite. Only the unfortunate inhabitants of capitalist countries will perceive a likeness between "some of my best friends are Jews" and "some of our best wives are Jewesses." But when Khrushchev tells Russell that the Soviet Union overcomes crime "by educating and re-educating" criminals, it may occur even to him that it is hard to educate someone (for instance, a speculator, real or alleged, or an embezzler) who has been shot by the executioner. Our ancestors believed that after death they would be rewarded by an eternity of study in Paradise, but that is not a tenet of dialectical materialism. When Khrushchev tells Russell: "There never has been and there is not any policy of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union, since the very nature of our multinational socialist state precludes the possibility of such a policy," can he really have forgotten the Doctors' Plot? After Stalin's death the "collective leadership"—it all seems so long ago—denounced the accusation against the doctors as an attempt to "inflame feelings of national enmity," which is to say, as a policy of anti-Semitism. And if Khrushchev tells Russell that anti-Semitism has nothing to do with the campaign against economic criminals, because others besides Jews have been accused and sentenced, can he have entirely forgotten that in the Doctors' Plot, too, not all the accused were Jews? Only a majority of them were, as only a majority of the executed so-called embezzlers and speculators have been Jews.

To Russell, and in similar language to the Soviet intellectuals, Khrushchev insists that "which nation has more or fewer criminals of any kind at one time or another is a social and not a national question." There are good, proletarian Jews, and there are bad, bourgeois Jews. There are good, proletarian Russians, and there were bad, bourgeois Russians. To the intellectuals, illustrating the difference between good and bad Jews, Khrushchev recalls that when the Soviet army captured Marshal von Paulus, a Soviet Jew was serving as his interpreter (bad); but that another Jew, Vinokur, well and favorably known to Khrushchev, was a commissar in a brigade that took part in the capture (good). It is curious that Khrushchev, a faithful collectivist, should have such a marked partiality for anecdotes about this man and that man. But then, if he were to talk of social movements and social forces, the bad Jewish interpreter would not count for much, and it might be more appropriate, in distinguishing between good Russians and bad Russians, to talk about something rather more significant than anecdotes—for instance, Vlasov's turncoat army, which had no use at all for Jews, even as interpreters.

It is not the most important criticism that

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can be made of Khrushchev, but he is really a formalist. In the 19th century the formalist spirit of bourgeois law taught that trade unions were a conspiracy to be repressed, because nothing must be allowed to infringe upon the freedom of the individual worker to negotiate the terms of his employment with his employer. For the formalist, the poverty, need, and ignorance of the worker and the incomparably greater power of the employer were beside the point. Anatole France's jeer summed it all up: "The law, in its majestic impartiality, forbids rich and poor alike to sleep under bridges."

But times change. In countries like the United States there is less formalism than there used to be and more feeling for substantive justice. Our surviving formalists would abolish special protective legislation for working women, but they are in a hopeless minority.

TODAY it is in the Soviet Union that formalism thrives. There is an embedded popular anti-Semitism; the government itself has admitted that only ten years ago an official anti-Semitic incitement was building up to something huge and ugly (from which the Jews were saved only by the providential death of Stalin); there are many points of similarity between the present Soviet publicity about economic offenders and the publicity then about doctors, rootless cosmopolitans, and swindlers; but Khrushchev says that what is going on in his country is designed only to "protect honest working people" and "the morals of socialist society." To suggest anything else is "bourgeois propaganda . . . slander and falsification"—which is how Stalin's faithful used to characterize anxiety about his anti-Semitism. For Khrushchev, the disproportionately large number of Jews among those executed for economic crimes is "a social and not a national question." If Mr. Kennedy wanted to, he could say that about the disproportionately small number of Negroes in desirable government jobs; he could say that if they have not taken and passed the civil-service examinations, as individuals they must be unqualified. Instead, a special effort is made to recruit Negroes.

One lesson that we can learn from Khrushchev's annoyance at being put on the defensive is the value of protest. His letter to Russell and his speech to the intellectuals can only help the Russian Jews. The signal may have been given to judges and prosecutors to relent a little, because the Kremlin now thinks it has had to pay too high a price in embarrassment. To be sure, Khrushchev chose to write to a friend of the Soviet Union, as Russell calls himself. But when, explicitly or implicitly, one makes concessions under pressure, it is always to a friend. That is elementary face-saving.

Finally, to cap Khrushchev's anecdote, his friend Vinokur has been here for some time. In Russia, Vinokur wrote in Russian and Yiddish. Here, as Hershl Weinrauch, he has written a novel in Yiddish, *The Commissars,* recently published. It will not make Khrushchev happy. Khrushchev will move Vinokur-Weinrauch from the good-friend to the bad-enemy column, and be further confirmed in his belief that you can't trust the Jews. If he were not a formalist, he might ask himself what there is about the Soviet Union that turns commissars into critics. Or, as the *kolkhoznik* asked the Agitprop man, "If everything is so good, comrade, why is everything so bad?"

Unitarians, Trinitarians

Elsewhere in this issue Martin E. Marty reports at some length on Bernhard E. Olson's *Faith and Prejudice.* What I found particularly striking in Dr. Olson's work was his discussion of the treatment of Jews and Judaism in the materials prepared by the liberal Unitarian and the Neo-Orthodox Presbyterian educators.

American Jews are apt to know, or we think we know, more about Unitarians than Presbyterians: "Unitarians believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the neighborhood of Boston," or "Unitarians believe in one God—at most." Ever since Moses Mendelssohn, Unitarianism has been the Christian persuasion that Jews have found it least distressing to pass into; in 1799 Mendelssohn's disciple, David Friedländer, anonymously proposed to a Berlin clergyman that the Jews would become Christians if they were allowed to subscribe to a unitarian rather than a trinitarian credo. (In the Unitarian church of an Episcopalian friend and her Catholic husband—both agnostics—between a quarter

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and a third of the congregation are Jews.) We remember that the young Emerson was a Unitarian minister, and we remember *The Education of Henry Adams:*

> In uniform excellence of life and character, moral and intellectual, the score of Unitarian clergymen about Boston, who controlled society and Harvard College, were never excelled. They proclaimed as their merit that they insisted on no doctrine, but taught, or tried to teach, the means of leading a virtuous, useful, unselfish life, which they held to be sufficient for salvation. For them, difficulties might be ignored; doubts were waste of thought; nothing exacted solution. Boston had solved the universe; or had offered and realized the best solution yet tried. The problem was worked out.
>
> Of all the conditions of his youth which afterwards puzzled the grown-up man, this disappearance of religion puzzled him most. The boy went to church twice every Sunday; he was taught to read his Bible, and he learned religious poetry by heart; he believed in a mild deism; he prayed; he went through all the forms; but neither to him nor to his brothers or sisters was religion real. Even the mild discipline of the Unitarian Church was so irksome that they all threw it off at the first possible moment, and never afterwards entered a church.

About Presbyterianism most of us do not know much more than this: that Princeton was originally a Presbyterian institution; that the ethnic background is Scottish; that the theology is, or used to be, Calvinist; that Milton, punning etymologically, said: "New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large."

From Dr. Olson we learn that the educational materials of both the Unitarian and the Presbyterian Churches are against anti-Semitism, but that the Presbyterian materials are more affirmative about Judaism. Here are the Unitarians:

> The liberal's universality is predicated on a "many roads to truth" approach. . . . Mankind is bound together by its common search and by the oneness of truth. . . . "If you exchange ideas with a liberal of the Jewish faith, you will find him close to your own. . . . You will not be surprised if one of your friends calls himself both Christian and Buddhist, if you know something of the essentials of each faith. . . . And you will appreciate the Hindu affirmation that truth shines more brilliantly when it shines from many angles, like the diamond with its many facets." . . .
>
> The natural is prior to the historical, and for the liberal those experiences which antedate others are considered to be controlling in religion as in life. For example . . . the antecedents [of Hanukkah and Christmas] are found to be mid-winter festivals, celebrating the yearly cycle of death and rebirth symbolized also in the equinox. Seen in this way, it is recommended that in educating the young child Jews and Christians can unite in stressing those natural similarities which make sense and have value for all children rather than the particular historical meanings which tend to set off these holidays, and Jews and Christians themselves, from each other. . . .
>
> There are . . . ideas which liberals feel they must surrender because they stand in the way of the emergence of a world faith. . . . [It is wrong for] Judaism and Christianity to regard themselves as proclaiming unique messages, therefore implicity contradicting the unitary conception of reality and truth. . . .
>
> "The children . . . found that it [the Bible] was about ancient beliefs which somehow were not very different from the beliefs of the primitive people they had already studied."

The Neo-Orthodox (Presbyterians) speak quite differently:

> Although they also have a respectful, if critical, attitude toward other faiths, the neo-orthodox writers unqualifiedly identify with the Judeo-Christian tradition. In this respect, neo-orthodoxy is particularistic; it places itself in one specific tradition in the world, and not in many. From within this tradition, however, it seeks to establish a firm basis for positive and responsible relations with other religious groups. . . .
>
> "The God of the Hebrew-Christian tradition is a God who has acted in history. This accounts for the superior quality of Judaism and Christianity over other religions that have worshipped a god who is primarily a nature deity." . . . This understanding of God's reality comes to man through a specific religious history, namely the history of the Jewish people and the church. . . . As one writer asserts:

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"and in understanding the history of Israel, we gain an understanding of mankind."

Essentially . . . prejudice and intergroup hostility is a rejection of God through the substitution of personal, cultural, and tribal gods.

If everyone acted in the future as Unitarian or Presbyterian children are now being taught, all would be well, and in that sense the Unitarian and Presbyterian materials are equally good. Dr. Olson is objective and impressively successful in thinking himself into the other man's "faith perspective." Yet it is clear that he likes the Presbyterian outlook better than the Unitarian. So do I, though as a Jew I am bewildered by trinitarianism.

WHATEVER the statistics of affiliation may be, Unitarianism approximates closely to "the American religion" — what most Americans really believe, as distinguished from what the several churches tell their members they ought to believe. On the Jewish side, Unitarianism is often seen as not much different from Ethical Culture; and Ethical Culture was a kind of left-wing Reform, created by Jews, where ex-Jews and ex-Christians could unite in honorable equality. Only somehow, to this day, Jews remain more eager than Christians to be ex.

For some Jews, therefore, the Unitarians' lack of regard for Judaism is unlikely to be a fatal defect. It goes with a perhaps even greater lack of regard for traditional Christianity. More importantly, it points toward a future when both Judaism and Christianity have dwindled away. Since Mendelssohn, that has been the form that messianism has assumed among many. For those attracted to a revolutionary variant of this kind of messianism, the favorite verse in "The Internationale" has been "No more tradition's chains shall bind us": the modern, acceptable equivalent of Paul's "neither Jew nor Greek."

Conversely the Neo-Orthodox Protestant insistence on the special place of Judaism and the Jewish people in the divine economy repels rather than attracts such Jews. But it does not repel only the un-Jewish Jews. Reconstructionists, for example, certainly do not want the Jewish people and tradition to disappear, but they are theologically not very different from Unitarians and Ethical Culturists. And even Jews more traditional than the Reconstructionists could apply to Christian esteem for Judaism and the Jewish people an aphorism of the Rabbis: *la mi-duvshakh we-la me-'uqtaskh* —"don't kiss me and don't kick me" (literally, "neither your honey nor your sting"). For while the Presbyterian educators are exemplary people, historically there was a line that connected the special place of Judaism in Christian thought with the persecution of Jews. Even pious Jews, in their anguish, have sometimes debated with themselves whether the destiny for which God chose us—as we say when we thank Him, "Thou hast chosen us from among all the peoples"—is a blessing or a curse. That was one reason why Zionism wished to "normalize" the Jews, i.e., to make them less special.

Having said all this, knowing that the curse has been the verso to the blessing's recto, I still think that the Neo-Orthodox position is better for the Jews—hallowed phrase!—than the Unitarian. Why are the African intellectuals and their European and American friends so concerned to discover and reveal a glorious African past? In principle, it should be enough for Africans to know that Europeans and Americans respect them for the humanity that we all have in common. So Melvin Lasky has argued in *Encounter,* questioning the need for rehabilitating the African past and suggesting that in their enthusiasm some of the Africans and pro-Africans may be mixing invention with discovery. But for the Africans, obviously, equality with other human beings, as human beings, is not enough. They need to know for themselves, and they need to have others know, that the African past is not empty, let alone contemptible. They feel that their present, human as well as African, cannot be suspended over a past that is void or worthless. They want their ancestors and their ancestors' achievements to be respected, and they will not believe you if you tell them that you respect them and their present but not their fathers and their past. I hope the Africans are successful in uncovering and making public a past they seek. For myself, I resent know-it-all teachers who encourage know-it-all children to

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judge my ancestral tradition as primitive.

I doubt that Arnold Toynbee is a dues-paying Unitarian, but he might as well be. In his religious syncretism, in his preference for Oriental religion (which in Occidentals is often a sign that something nasty is about to be said of Judaism), in his distaste for the Jewish tradition, and in his harsh judgments upon us, he does not differ greatly from the Unitarian writers. As late as in *Reconsiderations,* Toynbee could say: ". . . in the Jewish Zionists I see disciples of the Nazis." Similarly, after the Israelis caught Eichmann a Unitarian minister wrote in the *Unitarian Register*: "In the ethical sense I can see little difference between the Jew-pursuing Nazi and the Nazi-pursuing Jew." A Neo-Orthodox writer would not say that, if only because he would feel himself implicated in the corporate sin of Christendom against the Jews. The Unitarian, for whom sin is a primitive concept and who may not identify with Christendom, has no scruples about saying it—especially since his ethical sense is so uniquely well-developed.

The invincible self-righteousness and self-satisfaction are not new. Adams, reflecting on the Unitarian Boston of his childhood, said:

> . . . that the most intelligent society, led by the most intelligent clergy, in the most moral conditions he ever knew, should have solved all the problems of the universe so thoroughly as to have quite ceased making itself anxious about past or future, and should have persuaded itself that all the problems which had convulsed human thought from earliest recorded time, were not worth discussing, seemed to him the most curious social phenomenon he had to account for in a long life.

Of the educational materials that Dr. Olson examined, he writes:

> Liberal teachings are more *abstractly* relevant and the neo-orthodox more *concretely* relevant to the given situations. . . . The liberal's monistic view of reality leaves little place for the fundamental cleavages in society, for a recognition of basic conflicts which may perpetuate endless pluralisms, for the prime importance of the particular as against the universal and the uniquely historical as against the natural. On the other hand, the neo-orthodox faith centers in a personal God who has acted in a specific history. . . . This . . . view of reality, revealed to a particular people, makes a much larger place for deep and fundamental cleavages in society, for basic conflicts, for differences, concreteness, and specificity than does a monistic faith. . . .
>
> Does anti-ethnocentrism make a place for all by affirming some common denominator, or does it do so by affirming the right of each group to its own particular existence, its uniqueness, or its right to be different and to contradict the assumptions of those who affirm a common core? . . . There are a variety of ways of crossing group lines, and there are different kinds of antidotes to ethnocentrism. . . .

For the 1,600 years or so between Constantine and Hitler, in the Western world, our persecutors were Christians. It has remained for the 20th century to produce anti-Christian persecutors of Jews, worse than all their Christian forerunners—Hitler and Stalin. The historical record now shows that neither the religion nor the irreligion of gentiles, nor gentile religious liberalism, guarantees friendship or even minimal humanity toward Jews. In Germany Hitler's theologians included liberals, who despised Jewish (or Judeo-Christian) particularity and who saw themselves as being enlisted in a crusade to liberate Christianity from an unbecoming and constrictive attachment to its Jewish origins.

The liberals offer me friendship because I am a man, but slight my tradition and memories. The Neo-Orthodox offer me friendship because God is my father, and the father of all men; and they also honor my tradition. If most Jews nevertheless prefer the liberals, as I believe they do, that is only because our modernity is by now creaky with irrelevance.

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(3) *Spacious 4-bedroom, 30-year old brick home, in most desirable section of Far Rockaway, New York's fabulous Modern Orthodox Suburban Community, 50 minutes from midtown Manhattan. Home has large kitchen and dinette—pantry and washing machine room [etc.]. Choose from 3 of the country's best Yeshivas for the education of your children. Walk to [Congregation A] or [Synagogue B (Spiritual leader: Rabbi Reuben X)], or [Synagogue C (Spiritual leader: Rabbi Simeon Y)], or other Synagogues. Price: $26,500. Cash: $6,500 above 25-year mortgage. . . .*

(4) **"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO"** *in Far Rockaway. Luxurious split-level house in estate-like setting in exclusive area. A distinctive home designed for gracious living for the executive on the way up. 3 Master Bedrooms, Maid's Room, 3 Full Baths, Walnut Paneled Den, All Birch Kitchen, Cedar Closet, 13 × 20 Screened Porch, 2 Patios, All Appliances, Carpeting, Built-ins and many, many other extras. Within walking distance of [Congregation A, Synagogue B, Synagague C] and other Synagogues. Your choice of 3 excellent Yeshivas. Friendly and active Orthodox community. A buyer's dream at $37,000. With adjoining beautifully landscaped plot $45,000.*

It is easy to poke fun at this sort of thing, but choosing a community to live in because of the fame of its rabbis, synagogues, and *yeshivot* is more admirable than choosing one because of the social prestige that attaches to it. Still, that last ad is a bit much.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

"MY NEGRO PROBLEM"—II

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Here is where I am: I found Norman Podhoretz's unfortunate contribution on the stance of one liberal an ugly item. Ugly because of its arbitrary excision of history in order, apparently, to indulge in a personal aggravation against history. It is the only reason that I can think of that his amazing explication preferred to ignore the sophistication of concern with the commodity value of the blanket opposition of an entire people and roam around instead, presumably as befits a "psychoanalytical" age, in the field of narrative of boyhood iniquities tellingly peppered with the traumatic impact of lots and lots of "mo' f----r's" . . . .

I mean to say that an attempt to reduce the situation of U.S. Negroes to an exchange of personal memorabilia of the brutalizing hazards of an urban upbringing is a sheer outrage. I would have supposed even that Mr. Podhoretz's sensibilities would enjoy more dignity had his lingering distaste for bullies led him, if not to a bus due South, then to a fiercely angry, if safe, pen, in behalf of the objects of the most notorious and institutionalized bullying of the moment.

Above all was I struck with Mr. Podhoretz's hanging implication that he feels absolved from any crimes that might have been going on around here because, after all, his ancestors were somewhere else when the slave ships docked. To long for that particular absolution Mr. Podhoretz and everyone else will have to give up that sweeping phrase which he uses without hesitation in the middle of his article—"we white Americans." . . .

The main impression gained from the article was that the world is changing and Mr. Podhoretz is agitated because it is so apparent that the liberal ought be saying and doing *something;* that he ought be stepping into the street to join the parade but that, as always, His Majesty has discovered that he hasn't got a stitch on, despite the weaving of intricate platitudes of liberalism for generations.

Thus that "blood" which has been flowing in our streets for three hundred and forty-four years of racial antagonism *finally* seems a threat; that same three hundred and forty-four years of "miscegenation" in which so much blood has mingled that at least about 40 per cent of the writer's remembered bullies probably were "misceged" —is now seen by him as the "only solution." This despite the fact that *he* can only feel "prurient" stirrings at the mere sight of a "mixed couple"; and is sent into ravings and rantings at the thought of his daughter marrying "one." But history, once again, has not waited for Mr. Podhoretz's adjustments and education and it would be beside the point that he would probably be confounded in the face of our own black ultras, and not only the "separatists," who perceive and curse the implication in This House that the presence of the undiluted black is intolerable and therefore this nation must now weigh, in a manner suggesting the taking of hemlock to the lips, *sexually absorbing* what it will not love! Black pride, including that untouched by fanaticism or racism of any kind, is, it must swiftly be understood, more ferocious than that! The Negro demand is for equality for *Negroes; the biological and sociological reality of Negroes as they presently exist.* Which individuals shall choose to marry or otherwise have sexual union with whom remains on all counts outside the scope of any kind of politics.

Finally, reading Mr. Podhoretz's article, I was ashamed for it in a particular way for I thought that I recognized in it an adolescent expectation and hope that the writer would be congratulated by black and white alike on his—"honesty." As if, somehow, his recitation of perfectly old fashioned racist motifs would lend a refreshing bit of ambiguity to the tasks at hand and be properly appreciated by all like himself who are trying like the devil to avoid the enormity of the actual confrontation before us. It is a saddening posture for the editor of a responsible journal.

I charge Mr. Podhoretz with not dealing

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with the greater honesty at all; I charge him with offering up a confessional which will merely be a device of those anxious to see the world stay as it is—"just a little longer." But most painfully of all, I charge him with something I know that he cannot presently appreciate the seriousness of: of having given those impassioned young black folk who have "given up the Mr. Podhoretz's" a document with which to heighten their ever-deepening articulation of their contempt of his self-exemption. Those of us who feel that we stand between, trying to maintain the chain, have been handed a body blow. . . .

LORRAINE HANSBERRY

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . God knows the white liberal needs help, and both Baldwin from the outside and Podhoretz from the inside have been of help in discussing the problem. But does the February 1963 COMMENTARY hint at solution? Yes, on the last page the editor proposes one. For a moment I thought it was important: the problem will disappear when color *in fact* disappears. Assimilation and miscegenation he says are solutions. Then comes the letdown: "I am not claiming that this alternative can be pursued programmatically or that it is immediately feasible as a solution," says the editor. . . . For a moment I could picture Southern Gentlemanhood rolling up sleeves and taking delight in resuming extra-curricular activities which have been hampered for exactly 100 years this winter. But, no, "programmatic" solutions are to be denied the white male, antiliberal though he be, who works toward assimilation. He is only to talk about it.

It is not the programmatic assumption that disturbs me so much as the theory behind it. The footnote on page 93 suggests that the editor is a bit diffident about undertaking so controversial a topic in a journal devoted to better intergroup relations. He should not worry about that. *All* solutions that can be conceived ought to be proposed in these dark days. He is wary about spitting out the word "miscegenation" though I know of few high religions that intrinsically rule it out, however aesthetically improbable it is to most. There is some health to bringing into the open the most radical solution; it makes the more moderate steps seem possible. That could be in Podhoretz's mind. But that is not in his words, and we are analyzing words. . . .

Baldwin and Podhoretz and all of us find it necessary to reach back to boyhood to find the matrix from which bad attitudes are born. Here is a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant sample. Mine comes from a prairie boyhood in the white-majority culture of Nebraska (I'll bet neither B. nor P. has ever met anyone else from there!). We loved the Negro because the nearest one was ninety miles away in Omaha and each summer the Piney Woods singers, as they came through town to clap their hands and sing their spirituals, showed us how simple, lovable, and godly the Nigger Soul is. Our Sunday School literature told us that the Jew was being punished because his grandfather had shouted to the heavens and to Pontius Pilate: "Jesus's blood be on us and on our children." Like Podhoretz, I was puzzled by this kind of mythological approach. The only Jews I knew were the merchants in Norfolk, Nebraska—five or six of them—who were being punished by making more money than all the gentiles in sight. Everyone *knew* how the Jews are, after all. But we could love even them. They were potential converts.

Our problems were more with the like, not the unlike. First there were the "Cathlicks." Tension took no more violent form than the snowball fights with the gangs from the Guardian Angels school. But to be told that Catholicism was a beleaguered minority (even in a state where today it is a majority in only ten counties!) was an unbelievable improbability. Our battle cry was always the plaintive, "They that be against us, O Lord, are more and mightier than those that be with us." They were consolidated, better organized, and like all Polacks, *Bigger* than we. We always lost. But we still loved them, for they were separated Brethren long before the Pope started calling *us* that.

Our problems, the location of our real passionate intensities, were the other Protestants in that Protestant county, the other brands of Lutherans in that county of Lutheran majority. The people we were taught to mistrust, despise, and hate: the people concerning whom we drew practical conclusions that we were to stand off, were the people most nearly like us. We did stand them off, and *vice versa*. "The United Lutherans are all right, but would you want your daughter to marry one?" was a question that was real and practical and thus more threatening than the dramatic ones Baldwin and Podhoretz ask. I hope the parable seems trivial. God, it was and is trivial! And in its triviality is its point:

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we do no better with the most obscure and subtle shadings of difference than we do with the vastly different. We do worse. For *we*: Baldwin in Harlem, Podhoretz in Brooklyn, I in Nebraska, were insecure. The former two had real reason to be—I think —and we did not. In that lies a great sociological difference. But theologically and personally the problem was the same for all of us and remains so.

Our Negro problem; our Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, and secularist problem is unbelief. We do not believe anything. We do not really believe in the God or gods in whom we profess to place our trust or in His or their revelations of plans and programs for man. . . .

Baldwin and Podhoretz are showing how Will Rogers's observation is useless in intergroup relations. They are willing to admit that they *did* meet men they didn't, they couldn't like. . . . But their religion and ours, which let us down at the crucial test, told them that they would never meet a man they couldn't love. Sociology was against them and us, in boyhood as today. But theology and personhood were for them, and neither they nor any of us will get anywhere if we wait until difference disappears. When difference diminishes we will grow more insecure, more fierce—*Next Time, The Fire.*

MARTIN E. MARTY
Associate Editor
The Christian Century
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Sad, sad are the statements in Mr. Podhoretz's "My Negro Problem—And Ours." The current militancy (a word coined by whites) of the Negro can be partially laid to just such honesty set down by Mr. Podhoretz. To be more specific, he has revealed the classic in-depth feelings of the liberal now and perhaps always perceived by the Negro.

. . . It appears that it is self-hate rather than hatred that the author feels, and it had early inheritance from school days when he was beaten on the street by Negroes. He quite carefully points out that he did not fight back, hated himself, and transferred this hatred to the Negro boys. Forget about the black boys who have been beaten in the streets, not because of medals, not because of giving correct answers in the classroom, but just because they were black.

So the son of countless victims of East European pogroms and the sons of numerous lynching victims, forced into the poverty box, turned even as rabbits will to a kind of cannibalism. A further line will help Mr. Podhoretz to understand the neo-nihilism of the Negro boys. . . . The Negro has been in America for over four hundred years. From then until now he has acquired little. But an Irishman runs the government with a good many Jews in it (and a token group of Negroes), the old Italian with the handlebar moustache has vanished. Postwar refugees, Hungarian Freedom Fighters, Cuban refugees, all move ahead. The Negro waits, history having a way of by-passing him in terms of advancement. If not in the spoken word all this was the sense of things in the 30's and now. Those black boys who were the author's classmates knew it and those who are boys today know it. . . .

I do not agree with Mr. Baldwin's opinion that every Negro person hates every white person. There are times—God, *yes.* But hate cannot be lived with continually; it is too energy-sapping and too, too overwhelming in its ultimate sense, a love for those who are so hated.

I cannot understand the shock of the Jews at what Mr. Podhoretz calls "Negro anti-Semitism.". . . Massive historical conditions which to a large extent have excluded Jews from sharing to the full the benefits of American capitalism, have brought Jew and Negro into harsh commercial contact. It is sheer delusion to ignore the fact that 90 per cent of the stores in Harlem are Jewish-owned or to deny that on the upper West Side where Mr. Podhoretz now lives the apartment-hotels are largely owned by Jews who charge exorbitant rents and permit sub-human living conditions and the accompanying violations. The result of all this is not anti-Semitism, but a striking back at whoever seems to be in control, seems to block the nervous progress of the Negro. . . .

And yet for all this confusion and misunderstanding . . . our primary "advance" organizations are officered, staffed, and superbly aided by Jews. Few people of any other Caucasian kind have been so concerned with the lot of the Negro. A former officer in such an organization remarked privately (for the facts are hard) that Jews realize subconsciously that their future goes hand in hand with that of the Negro. . . . Furthermore, he went on, there is that "tradition" rooted in Judaism which submits . . . not that all men are equal, but that all men shall be equally judged, a concept more splendid at the root than the Bill of Rights.

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With such a concept in mind, why is it that the Black Muslims cannot be seen in proper perspective? . . . To my mind their work has been good. They've salvaged junkies, worked savagely to replace the pride lost through generations of second-class citizenship. . . . They say they will defend themselves if attacked. Can one ask more of a man? To cloud this issue of self-defense, turn its meaning into a perpetual threatening offensive against whites is to misunderstand for the sake, not of misunderstanding, but to give excuse for additional mayhem against *all* Negroes. . . .

But I disagree with separation. Perhaps I am blind. Speaking for myself, I have no intention of giving up what several generations of my people have rightfully earned by hard, hard labor. This land upon which we walk, especially the South, was sown with the bones of my forefathers. That is a truth not worth arguing. And, like the Jew who sought Israel, I mean to have it, and further, I *will* have it and my rights as well.

Mr. Podhoretz is aware of this sense; it contributes, I believe, to his anguish which is painfully clear. For how may a man see the solution of our racial dilemma through legal or condoned or completely acceptable miscegenation, and in the same breath voice his hatred for the mixed couple? But the author is quite through, it seems, deluding himself. This is an important step and indicates, as trite as it may seem, blessed hope for us all.

JOHN A. WILLIAMS

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The publication of Norman Podhoretz's article is to be commended. The experiences he describes have the ring of truth. Precisely because this "truth" is likely to be distasteful, it is vital that it be presented and understood.

Unfortunately, his proposed solution (miscegenation) does not appear to resolve the issue which he poses. . . . Is the "melting pot" an appropriate goal in the fight against discrimination? Granted that a society is desirable in which miscegenation is accepted, should not the true goals of the humanist in this connection be: (1) preservation of ethnic differences; (2) loyalty of an individual to his own ethnic group; and (3) respect by the individual for other ethnic groups and their members? My belief is that our social health would be better served by the continuation of a variegated culture with respectful competition among the several ethnic groups.

Mr. Podhoretz has, of course, presented the supreme challenge to my position in asking: "In thinking about Jews I have wondered whether their survival as a distinct group was worth one hair on the head of a single infant. Did the Jews have to survive so that six million . . . people should be one day burned in the ovens of Auschwitz?" While this question may, as he stated, be unanswerable, I wonder whether the assimilation of the European Jew could have insulated him from the terrors of Nazism. It certainly afforded no protection to that most assimilated of all Jewish communities, that of Germany.

JEROME LEFKOWITZ

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . . I feel that Norman Podhoretz's article represents a beginning of the unpleasant educational process that the "enlightened" white liberal must undergo before any real progress can be made in race relations in this country. Everyone tells everyone else that race relations are just as deplorable in the North as in the South, because there is so much hypocrisy about them here. But to my knowledge Mr. Podhoretz is the first established white liberal to make an effort to explain *why,* from his own experience and not just from psychological theories, northern liberals are such hypocrites. . . .

My background could hardly be more different from Mr. Podhoretz's—I am a middle-class, small-town, Midwestern Protestant who had no contact at all with Negroes when I was growing up. . . . I can't point to any actual experiences in my background that give me a right to the confused and conflicting feelings I have regarding the Negro. But I *have* these feelings, and I know that everyone with whom I talk about this question . . . has feelings just as "sick" as mine. . . .

Why can't it be realized (or even discussed), by Negroes and whites alike, that the society that has done what it has to the Negro has also taken its toll among the oppressors? . . . I am convinced that my feelings—and those of others like me—are important, and that if more whites understood themselves and each other we might truly begin, as Mr. Podhoretz says, to free ourselves from the sickness that keeps us and our leadership from being anything but hypocritical in our attitudes. This doesn't mean that I am so optimistic as to

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think that, even if we do become more honest, our actions will necessarily be much more positive; I too am a pessimist. But at least it wouldn't be quite so easy for us to declare that we are free of prejudice, which is the kind of declaration that makes a mockery of liberalism.

I suppose we shouldn't ask the Negro to try to understand that our feelings, too, are complex and that we too have been victimized by our white society. He's got enough troubles of his own. But I have tried and I suppose I will continue to try not only to understand the Negro's position and feelings but to get him to understand mine. . . .

And I will continue to prod my white friends; I think there is no excuse for them, if they have any integrity in this matter, to put off much longer an honest attempt to analyze and admit to their own attitudes. The white liberals are a big stumbling block to the improvement of race relations. (In time this too will become a cliché if it isn't already). . . . Surely there is more harm in pious platitudes and empty gestures on the part of the white liberal, in the long run, than there is in an honest expression such as Mr. Podhoretz's, even if it seems unkind or cavalier in the short run. . . .

In all, I am grateful to Mr. Podhoretz for his honesty and intelligence, and hope that more of us, myself included, will be prompted to display some of our own, no matter how unpleasant the immediate consequences might be.

GEORGIA GRIGGS

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

COMMENTARY deserves great credit for having the courage to publish what must be an agonizing self-appraisal of a liberal. However, I feel that there are several points in Mr. Podhoretz's article which merit and undoubtedly will receive vigorous further discussion. His feelings toward Negroes are admittedly conditioned by his childhood traumatic experiences in contact with some of them, yet he somehow fails to grasp the essential fact that Negroes' feelings toward whites are similarly conditioned by a collective traumatic experience which extended over a period of several hundred years. . . .

Indeed, the profound effect of slavery on the psyche of the American Negro is something which must be increasingly reckoned with by all who are interested in the future of race relations in this country. Frequent or sporadic outbreaks of apparently senseless brutality, violence, and amorality must be viewed against the background of that institution which relegated us to the position of animals, and subjected our forebears to the inhuman condition of being bartered and sold, and bred like horses and cows. . . .

I find it quite significant, also, that Mr. Podhoretz, in company with the Black Muslims and others, in looking toward the future, can envision, with peculiar blindness, only the two extremes of further, more fervent hatred, on the one hand, or miscegenation on the other. . . . He asks, rather derisively, what does the Negro have that could possibly make him wish to survive as a distinct ethnic group, yet, a few paragraphs earlier, he waxes almost eloquent about those very qualities of "physical grace and beauty" which characterize our physiognomy. Perhaps the terms hate-love, rather than hate-envy, could better be used to describe this dichotomy of the emotions, and explain this tendency to think of bloodshed and rioting in the same breath with sexual intermingling, and perhaps the psychiatrist's couch for all of us would be a fortunate substitute for a mad dash to the marital bed of miscegenation and/or the bloody streets of race rioting.

Most of us believe that there is a middle way, a path which avoids both of these extremes. And the patient, careful search for this way must be the ultimate goal of all liberals.

(DR.) ROBERT E. FULLILOVE, JR.

Newark, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The significant quality of Norman Podhoretz's article is the high sense of irrelevance reflected in its personal emphases. The Negro problem in America in the last one hundred years has been the denial of equal status before the law. It is not basically a problem of racial brotherhood. That aspect might take time but we cannot wait, ever, to rely on public attitude in assuring equal status before the law. That must be guaranteed to every individual, particularly against hostile prevailing majority hate.

IRVING FERMAN

Vice President

Playtex

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . As, I hope, a good Jew, and as the wife of a Negro, I think I have some insight into Mr. Podhoretz's feelings. Even though I must admit I was stopped short

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by his prurience (disgust?) at the sight of an interracial couple, I forced myself to go beyond that—something perhaps that his detractors have not done—and complete his piece. I want him to know that we—my husband and I—do understand what he is trying to say and respect him for it. . . .

Having said all this, may I then take a few lines to indicate where I think he has not been completely honest—or perhaps realistic is a better word. For example, he says that in the world of his boyhood there was little difference in the poverty of the Jew and the poverty of the Negro. And yet, I wonder if he really thinks back hard, wouldn't he find that perhaps all—or most—of the shopkeepers—however hard they may have worked and however small their profits—weren't they usually Jewish? And the consumers—who were perhaps sometimes overcharged or sold defective goods (because, let's face it, that poor little grocer had to sell the stale rolls to *some*body)—weren't they almost always Negro? The problem with being exploited is that you don't always see the man at the top. When I was a little girl in the Bronx—we were refugees from Vienna and Hitler, circa '38—we lived in a neighborhood mostly Irish and Italian. (Incidentally, I was afraid of them as Mr. Podhoretz was of Negroes, and for the same reasons. . . .) My parents, in their stinking little grocery, worked seven days a week, sometimes fifteen and sixteen hours a day, delivering bottles of milk to the sixth floor walk-ups to keep a customer, never looking right or left, but only to "get ahead." *They,* on the other hand, had parents who worked in banks, factories, and the like; they got new outfits (cheap, but flashy) for all *their* holidays (while on the High Holy Days, as well as the rest of the time, I wore hand-me-downs); their parents got drunk every Saturday night, and I, too, envied and despised them, all at the same time. Of course, my parents did get ahead a little, and then *they* accused us of being secretly "rich" and cheating them!

What I am trying to say is that one serious mistake in Mr. Podhoretz's generalization about the very real chasm between the races in this country is that he thinks that *all* white children who grew up near Negroes, grew up with the same feeling toward them. That there *is* hatred, jealousy, and even fear, I am not denying. But I am suggesting that they are based on something different from what Mr. Podhoretz's personal case suggests. My husband, as a shy, frightened, black boy from Jamaica, moving to the States when he was twelve, was prone to the same emotions Mr. Podhoretz describes for himself when, on moving into a formerly "all white" neighborhood, he and his friends were terrorized by a group of young *white* hoodlums whose ferocity might have made a good match for Mr. Podhoretz's childhood nightmares. Their favorite word may not have been "m't'r f'kr," (a word probably originated by Southern whites, according to the best of sources) but they were pretty free with their own obscenities and racial epithets, so it all kind of works out to the same thing.

And still I agree with Mr. Podhoretz—for him, and me, and people like us only—more than I disagree. As I grew older, as the state of Israel emerged, and I realized that to be a Jew didn't *have* to mean letting yourself get abused without fighting back, as I learned more about my religion and culture (perhaps fortunately, for my development, not from official sources, but, as with all lonely children, from books), I took the same path he did of having intellectual convictions which were for a long time not matched by emotional growth of the same order. By the time I was sixteen and lived in a middle-class Jewish neighborhood in Yonkers, I had still had little personal contact with Negroes. . . . Then, I read *Native Son,* and my awakening nationalism, my new Jewish pride, seemed to insist that I see the fight for Negro rights in this country as my fight. Those few Negroes I had in my classes at this time were similar to the ones Mr. Podhoretz has described, except that this middle-class environment did not permit them to terrorize white children, only each other. Nevertheless, I began consciously to seek to change my feelings—to regard what had seemed to me almost another species (don't forget I was European, and they were strange to me) as equals. I blush with shame at the thought of all the patronizing I must have done in my own kind, stupid way, on the road to salvation.

This was not meant to be the story of my life, and yet I must, for Mr. Podhoretz, add a few more words. He ends his article by saying what his reaction would be if his daughter decided to marry black. When I was finally faced with a man whom I loved, who loved me, whose simple fault in the eyes of the world was his black skin, I could not morally, intellectually, or any other way reject him for that reason only. What did I owe white? Hadn't our people been murdered by them for two thousand

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years? There would have been more hesitation on my part if he had been a practising Christian. And did I not know that the child of a Jewish mother is Jewish? My thoughts of our future children were set at rest in this way. I told my parents of my decision. They were, naturally, quite upset. My mother said I would soon be sitting *shive* for them. My father—who does not stoop to such tactics—said that I was throwing my life away, it could not possibly work, and they both agreed that we would not be able to see each other if I went ahead with my plan.

It was a lovely wedding. My mother took only a few weeks to come around. She had done everything she could to stop me, and having failed, she still wanted her daughter. My father took longer. . . . Nevertheless, our little daughter has been the apple of my parents' eyes since her birth, and whatever my papa still holds against the marriage, he couldn't love her more. She's almost eleven, incidentally, quite proud of being a "Jewish-Negro" girl, and one of the better students at the Hebrew school she attends.

I agree with Mr. Podhoretz completely about the phony liberals who move to the suburbs, the sick ones who come to Harlem looking for thrills and vitality (and oh, do they get abused for their troubles), and the ones with a double standard of morality. I also think that the many problems faced on the West Side are problems of poverty and ignorance. If Mr. Podhoretz ever meets one of what the late Dr. Franklin Frazier called the "black bourgeoisie," he will find that he is as frightened of violence, unrepressed sex, and nonconformity as any middle-class Jew. . . .

Finally, as long as Mr. Podhoretz remains on the West Side, probes honestly and deeply (à la James Baldwin), and is willing to contemplate so radical a solution (to what is, after all, an *American* dilemma) as a Negro son-in-law, then only the foolish and misguided dare call him racist. I call him friend.

(Mrs.) Ronald Gibel
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

My congratulations and gratitude for Norman Podhoretz's courageous and liberating article. . . .

Melvin J. Lasky
Editor
Encounter
London, England

To the Editor of Commentary:

When a brilliant writer, Negro, describes his childhood and youthful experiences in order to give the unknowing white man a glimpse into the ghetto, this should not constitute an invitation to a less talented writer, liberal and Jewish, to answer with a reminiscence of his own. Unfortunately every Negro knows and understands the antipathy Norman Podhoretz feels for him. . . .

The liberal must begin to understand that Negroes *are* different from whites, they have a culture white men are not part of. The Negro's past is no more a stigma than the Jew's—it is filled with a heroic battle to survive, with poetry and music. . . .

Mr. Podhoretz's program for miscegenation is a sophisticated racist argument; to wit, we can only solve the Negro problem when there are no more Negroes; everything will be all right when everybody looks alike. Miscegenation is probably the most radical sounding reactionary slogan a white liberal can find. . . . Until Mr. Podhoretz begins to understand that Negroes are human beings who are brutalized in this society, and that it is their responsibility to stop the brutalization, relations between Negroes and white liberals will deteriorate. . . .

Rachelle Horowitz
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

When Mr. Podhoretz in "My Negro Problem—and Ours" writes autobiographically of his youthful experiences with Negroes in a specific part of Brooklyn, I am sympathetic. When, however, on the basis of such experiences, he vaults to the conclusion that "the Negro problem can be solved . . . in no other way" than miscegenation, I must object strongly. . . .

Whether granting the Negro his constitutional rights might lead to increased intermarriage is presently irrelevant. Marriage is a personal decision and one's sister or daughter can always say "No." . . . To grant or to deny the Negro his rights as an American citizen on the basis of "the wholesale merging of the two races," or on the disappearance of color "in fact" is to introduce inflammatory nonsense into an already blazing conflict.

Lawrence Jarett
Roslyn Heights, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

Having just read Norman Podhoretz's courageous and strugglingly honest account of the Negro-white dilemma, I am moved to

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suggest that the prospect is not as near-hopeless as he suggests. Nor as James Baldwin had previously suggested in the *New Yorker*.

For, Ecclesiastes to the contrary, there *is* something new under the sun, something I believe that can be "caught, not taught" by the American Negroes and may help them walk with pride down those streets to which, by their own efforts and those of the forward-looking whites, they are now gaining access. This "something" is the appearance on the world scene of the independent African nations and, on the domestic scene, because of African curiosity and willingness to travel, the appearance throughout the country of these new nations' UN representatives. . . .

By and large—with exceptions of course—these Africans do not have the proverbial chip on shoulder. They are whole and rich and vital persons who turn out to be, with their openness and their humor, more like Americans than are many of the more skeptical Europeans or more reserved Asians. . . .

The result is that, today, when such an African suffers a racial slight in this country, his reaction is not one of diminishment but of righteous wrath. . . . The experience of growing up as part of the majority, a majority, moreover, which in former times had regally ruled itself, appears to be such a wholesome one that not only the person involved but those who later identify with him can profit from it. . . .

For what has been imported into this country, duty-free, as a by-product of the UN's being established here, is precisely the consciousness of being black as something good, something to be respected by those of paler hue and perhaps thinner blood. The Africans themselves refer to this consciousness as *Négritude* or The New African Personality. . . .

In addition to the personal impact of these UN Africans, there is also the new political dimension to which Harold Isaacs referred (COMMENTARY, December, 1962). For as the African nations grow individually and collectively in international importance—and if they succeed, as they hope to, in developing a "third force" which may prevent the white nations from blowing each other to ashes—then the American Negro, more and more, may lift up his eyes unto the (African) hills whence cometh what may feel like salvation, namely the removal of the stigma Mr. Podhoretz talks about. The UN Africans in their robes may thus be paving the way for American Negroes not only into previously lily-white restaurants, hotels, and clubs, but, more importantly, into the inner realm where self-acceptance is nurtured. . . .

(MRS.) JUNE BINGHAM
Riverdale, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As neither I nor Mr. James Baldwin is a psychoanalyst, perhaps I can with at least equal authority on one point presume to disagree with him, or with Mr. Podhoretz's interpretation of his feelings. I am a Negro and I do not hate all white people. However, as a sociologist, I have long been interested in the expression of values and conflict within the society of whites. . . .

I believe Mr. Podhoretz's comments would have represented a more useful agonizing reappraisal if he had chosen to write either as a Jew relative to the Negro or as a white American relative to the Negro. The alternating perspective, incomplete in both instances, weakens the reader's understanding of either. . . .

To the extent that categorized social relationships can be usefully analyzed between the various groups in America and American society as a whole and/or between themselves as separate entities, it seems clear and supported by data that the relationship between Negro and Jew in either its positive or negative manifestations is not *identical* with that between white Americans and Jews. That there are certain common features which make them similar in many respects is quite another matter. . . .

A forthright personal expression in the field of race or ethnic relations is always very welcome because it is so rare. Its greater value, however, beyond that of personal therapy, rests on giving it the proper theoretical, or if you will, categorical focus.

(MRS.) ADELAIDE CROMWELL HILL
African Studies Program
Boston University

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Podhoretz's article is a moving confession of his feelings about Negroes but throws light only on his own state of conflict. It has the virtues of honesty and good will but, alas, not of insight. . . .

Mr. Podhoretz was intimidated and persecuted by some boys acting in groups and singly. Had they been white or mixed or unidentifiable to him in ethnic background, they would simply have been malicious boys. How is it that the fact that they were *Negro* boys remains so salient in his memory? . . .

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They could have been identified in a number of ways—"group 3" boys, or boys from a certain block, or boys from bad homes or from the opposing team. It is not the *fact* of their skin color but *the meaning given to* this fact in our culture by its agents of transmission that is crucial. . . .

If this were not so, why should it be that many middle-class whites who have never been beaten or threatened by any Negroes, who may have never even been close to a Negro, share the same fears as Mr. Podhoretz (and, I would submit, probably to an even greater degree)? . . .

As any Jew should know . . . the essence of the minority problem . . . is the deeply-held conviction that there exists an evil or inferior Negroid or Jewish essence which makes the ethnic adjective seem appropriate. Otherwise why include it? This is the conviction against which minority group members continually bang their heads in a hopeless and frustrated attempt to demonstrate and explain the facts of biological and cultural life to the majority. . . .

No, Mr. Podhoretz, your experiences, traumatic as they may have been, are probably irrelevant to your present feelings. As a social psychologist once observed: "We get our attitudes toward minorities not from contact with minorities themselves but from contact with the prevailing attitude toward minorities."

CHARLES HERBERT STEMBER
Department of Sociology
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Podhoretz's "My Negro Problem —And Ours" is bound to evoke howls of rage from some quarters, but I found his article both a beautiful piece of prose and an uncommon act of courage. I am not myself a partisan of miscegenation, possibly because it has always seemed to me a union between guilty whites and self-hating Negroes. And since we are all losing our color so rapidly in a world without distinctions, I would prefer a solution which allowed to both races their self-respect, privacy, and special identity. Still, Mr. Podhoretz has carried liberal thought to its inexorable conclusion, an intellectual feat which contrasts refreshingly with the pious platitudes of most white spokesmen, and even with the ambiguous exhortations of James Baldwin, who invariably mitigates an orgy of anger and hatred with contradictory pleas for Love. It is Mr. Baldwin's individual experience, like that of Mr. Podhoretz, which, if honestly and courageously presented, can be of most value to us; for it is as personal witnesses, rather than as public spokesmen, Brotherhood peddlers, or salvation salesmen, that both are making genuine contributions to this necessary debate.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Department of English
Columbia University
New York City

[*Correspondence to be continued next month.*]

Cuba and Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glazer's article, "Cuba and the Peace Movement" [December, 1962] rests on the assertion (repeated, I think, four times) that Russia was upsetting the nuclear balance of power by stationing missiles in Cuba. This, of course, was what the President said in his speech to the nation when he implied that there had been a tacit agreement between Russia and America not to station missiles outside the two countries, and that Russia had broken it.

The truth is different. America has for several years had missiles stationed around the borders of the Soviet Union. It was this action by America—not by Russia—which broke the tacit agreement the President invoked.

Mr. Glazer appears to be arguing that unilateral initiatives by America could not have induced the Russians to remove their missiles from Cuba. His evidence for this is interesting: Russia's failure to respond to the American desire for a nuclear test-ban treaty in the early months of the Kennedy administration. Glazer seems to be saying that the Russian reaction in that instance proves that the Russians never respond to diplomatic initiative, *q.e.d.*, only the threat of nuclear annihilation was available to President Kennedy. . . .

What makes this assumption still more curious is that giving up the virtually useless American missile bases in Turkey is precisely the concrete unilateral initiative which Charles Osgood and others have suggested. Since Russia's action in Cuba merely mirrored our previous action in Turkey and elsewhere, and since it was generally agreed that such bases cause a maximum of fear while affording a minimal increment in nuclear capability—one might have thought that Cuba was precisely the opportunity in which to try the Osgood approach.

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Instead, far from attempting unilateral initiatives, the President did not attempt normal diplomatic negotiations until he had brought the world to the brink of nuclear war.

Mr. Glazer barely mentions the Cuban-American (as opposed to the Soviet-American) side of the recent crisis. Would he argue that Cuba was irrational in preparing for an attack from America? Would he deny that the Cuban government offered to accept UN inspection of Cuban missile sites if the United States agreed to U.N. inspection of the areas where this country is admittedly organizing a second invasion force? It is a little strange to see the Cuban crisis discussed without reference to the fact that the aggression in Cuban-American relations since 1959 has clearly come primarily from us.

But even restricting attention to the Soviet-American side of the crisis, and even supposing Mr. Glazer right in his belief that America was virtuously restrained and Russia slyly aggressive, what is he really recommending? He recognizes that it is useless to threaten nuclear war unless one is prepared to wage nuclear war, yet he appears to have joined the chorus of those who think that threatening nuclear war is a new recipe for the conduct of American foreign relations. I wish he would explain under what circumstances nuclear war would be a moral action or a rational means of achieving anybody's goals. . . .

STAUGHTON LYND

Atlanta, Georgia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glazer's comments . . . contain several relevant criticisms of what passes for the American peace movement; they serve however mainly to illustrate the contradictions within the movement and their effect on its policy pronouncements.

In spite of recent thoughtful inquiry into the possibilities of a unilateral initiatives approach, many in the peace movement try to walk the tight rope between policies which are essentially within the cold war and arms race framework . . . and the development of nonviolent alternatives leading out of the arms race entirely. Unilateral initiatives seldom have been publicly presented as the basic stuff of a revolutionary foreign policy . . . in which acts in *every* relevant field of foreign affairs are undertaken to transform the nature and context of the present power struggle. They have more often been put forward tentatively with reassurances that one or two initatives won't weaken our military security . . . or with great fanfare of disclaimers of woolly-mindedness, Communist sympathies, pacifism, etc. . . . Or they have been justified on the basis that Russia has changed and . . . is likely to respond in kind.

In the present American peace movement, it is virtually impossible to explore adequately the development and effective presentation of a radical policy leading toward a world without war. It is as difficult to develop the structure on which to build a creative, vital, yet organized movement. There are unresolved conflicts over method: divergent evaluations of the world situation, the definition of the issues, the composition of a policy framework, the definition of goals. These contribute to the unclear or insufficient response to particular issues, such as the Cuban crisis. The organizations in the peace movement . . . are still developing a basic and dynamic formulation for the future within which subsequent crisis responses could be framed.

Nathan Glazer discusses unilateral initiatives as if one initiative in one field at one particular time in history will provide the dynamic to change the context of present international relations. Obviously, this is unrealistic and an inaccurate statement of what is meant by unilateral initiatives. . . . Glazer sees the future in terms of the indefinite maintenance of the military status quo. This is a virtual impossibility in a world of changing power relationships and expanding technology. It seems obvious that we must go beyond this untenable and precarious balance of terror psychology to find a path out of the nuclear dilemma. We need all our intelligence and resources to develop a truly alternative set of policies. . . .

We cannot expect more than the kind of conservative leadership we have had from President Kennedy (conservative in the sense of refusing to depart from the "established" way of dealing with *any* problem.) The peace movement cannot and should not tailor its proposals to that which is possible under the Kennedy administration. There is at present no alignment of concerned people in the United States which can put forward relevant policy and action on the rage of social concerns of which peace and civil rights are a part. Unless a vital and organized movement based on non-violence comes about, I do not see how there can be progress toward the kind of society I think Nathan Glazer and I both would agree is a requirement

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for the future well-being of the world's peoples. I hope that the peace movement's lesson from Cuba is that it shall unite to lead and foster this progress.

ANNE M. STADLER
Turn Toward Peace National Council
Herts., England

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glazer's article contained several misstatements of fact as well as . . . an erroneous set of conclusions.

Mr. Glazer states that the placement of missiles in Cuba resulted in a "radical change" in the status quo. But in an interview on ABC Television, Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric stated:

> . . . the military equation between the Soviets and the U.S. [was not altered] by bringing closer to our shores [some] of these missiles that had previously been ranged against us, or longer range missiles of the same weapon-carrying variety. . . . I don't believe that we were under any greater threat from the Soviet Union's power taken in its totality after this than we were before. . . .

He stated further that we have never "threatened to wreak destruction on Cuba." Can he have forgotten so soon the tragedy of the Bahia de Cochinos? Our continuing economic blockade of Cuba? . . . Our continued support of clandestine guerrilla actions against Cuba? . . . Our refusal to negotiate with the Castro government, or even to continue normal diplomatic—not to mention trade—relations?

Mr. Glazer refers to the newsletter of the Council for Correspondence in his article—yet makes no comment on a theory advanced there by Professor Leslie Dewart of the University of Toronto, which argues that Khrushchev's strategy was designed to provoke a short-of-war act, in order to restore negotiability by giving the United States a victory. Mr. Glazer's admission that he found Khrushchev's withdrawal "astonishing" supports Dewart's explanation.

All through the article Mr. Glazer emphasizes the refusal of the peace movement "to distinguish between Khrushchev's attempt to upset the status quo," and Kennedy's "defensive" actions. Is it not conceivable that Mr. Glazer should reverse that statement? He refuses to see that Khrushchev may have been trying to restore the diplomatic status quo, while Kennedy unwittingly took us perilously close to nuclear war. . . .

Mr. Glazer's political evaluation of the peace movement . . . is the analysis of someone on the outside looking in. He asserts that the socialist, pacifist, anarchist, fellow-traveling, and liberal tendencies . . . are nearly equal, or that all are of major importance. . . . But what does Mr. Glazer consider the "peace movement" and where does he find these tendencies manifested? The real "peace movement" is comprised of the groups affiliated under the banner of Turn Toward Peace. The only two "peace" groups of significance that are not affiliated with T.T.P. are the General Strike for Peace, based in New York, and the various Women Strike for Peace groups. The former may be said to have an anarchist tinge, and the latter a fellow-traveling (but *not* Communist) tinge—but neither are major tendencies within the whole movement, and those who do come from anarchist or fellow-traveling backgrounds are by no means dominant. This leaves the other three classifications: socialist, pacifist, and liberal. While the socialist and the pacifist element is evident in the leadership, particularly that of T.T.P., it does not constitute a significant section of the rank-and-file because these groups have always been comparatively small and in recent years have become smaller. This leaves the "liberal" group; this, I think, is about as close as one can come to describing major peace groups. The very ambiguity of the term is valuable.

. . . If Mr. Glazer is going to write about such subjects as "Cuba and the Peace Movement" he should avoid sweeping generalizations based on imagination. . . . The most disturbing thing about the article was the way Mr. Glazer equated the peace movement with the appeasers of 1939—surely as inept a comparison as I have ever seen.

DOUGLAS IRELAND
Plymouth, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Glazer's analysis . . . is the latest example of what Karl Meyer of the Washington *Post* called "the mesmerization of liberals by the cult of toughness which has become fashionable along the New Frontier."

If Mr. Glazer wishes to comment on the dialogues that have occurred since the use of force, then he must also bear in mind the intensification of the armaments race with increased expenditures and the preparation of such sacrificial lambs as Adlai Stevenson. . . .

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Mr. Glazer should also be concerned with those in the peace movement who were not thoroughly convinced that 41 missiles and a few bombers actually shifted the balance of power between the Soviet Union and the United States which now has overwhelming supremacy in missiles. . . . The liberals whom Mr. Glazer now patronizes were the same ones who were not hypnotized by Kennedy's talk of "missile gap" during his search for power.

. . . A more reasonable view of the situation would connect what happened in Cuba with the Soviet Union's desire to maintain the status quo in East Berlin. Recent events in India point to an increasing gap between Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung which could make for more rapid peace settlements than the show of power in a part of the world distant from Khrushchev's fundamental involvement. Perhaps if Mr. Glazer had read Erich Fromm's *May Man Prevail?* he might be skeptical of the realism of "'realists' who deduce all policy from the axioms of power."

I. GLOUBERMAN

Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan's Glazer's article said that statements by peace organizations issued at the time of the Cuban crisis were "less likely to gain support than any major effort they had undertaken in recent years." He quoted from a typical advertisement that criticized Kennedy's unilateral action and his failure to go to the UN first and called upon both the US and the USSR to withdraw and negotiate. I agree with Mr. Glazer that the American public is not supporting this attitude, but applauding Kennedy as a brilliant player of the chicken game. Even Mr. Glazer is blinded by the dazzling success of the Cuban operation in brinkmanship. Fortunately, Mr. Kennedy seems well aware of the odds against continued success in this game; in his television interview dealing with his first two years in office he remarked thoughtfully that we can't afford too many confrontations.

Mr. Glazer is not so cautious; while he doesn't propose that America initiate another confrontation right away, he is impressed by the fact that there may be more opportunity for fruitful negotiation between East and West as a result of the use of force than could have been achieved by peaceful initiatives. This is the newest, most seductive style of militarism. . . .

Although it is obvious that peace organizations would not offer enthusiastic support for a policy of brinkmanship, Mr. Glazer sees another reason for their failure to back Kennedy . . . : their persistent equation of Russian and American motives. . . . Mr. Glazer is right in saying that the Kennedy administration . . . genuinely wanted to end testing. We were far ahead in nuclear weaponry, stockpiles, number and protection of delivery systems, etc. . . . Had the peace movement been more sophisticated in these matters it could have stressed that both our and the Russian attitude toward testing was quite predictable at that stage of the arms race. We were willing to call a halt while we were in a position of strength and it was Russia's turn to feel that they must . . . draw closer in military power. This is the way an arms race spirals.

The peace movement is ineffective in these areas because so much of its strength and leadership is drawn from the ranks of the religious pacifists. Such people are repelled by a close study of weaponry and power politics. Let us not exhort them to be practical but rather ask ourselves why we, the realists . . . are not assuming a larger part in peace organizations. . . .

ELEANOR GREENWALD

Levittown, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glazer's article . . . contains several misconceptions about both the "peace movement" and the reality of the Cuban crisis and its implications for the cold war. . . .

Glazer sees the recent missile buildup in Cuba the way the mass media do: Khrushchev tried to sneak missiles into Cuba and in so doing upset the "status quo"; and Kennedy's actions headed off a possible second Pearl Harbor. The facts are otherwise. . . . The missiles were brought on the decks of Soviet ships, the installations were built in the open and along main highways in some instances, and the launchers erected without regard to camouflage. This activity was easily observed by U.S. planes and all sorts of foreign newsmen. . . . If we knew nothing about it until the President's alarming speech, the fault was with the government and the newspapers and not with Soviet and Cuban sneakiness. Secondly, as Mr. Roswell Gilpatric stated shortly after the crisis began, the Soviet missiles in Cuba were putting us in no more danger than if they had not been there at all. . . . Intermediate range missiles, at little cost to the Soviet Union, could have restored the

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balance of terror. The Soviet Union is badly outgunned in hardened long-range ICBM's and these missiles were obviously to be its insurance against the first-strike monsters. As for Kennedy's heroic limiting of nuclear weapons to our allies, the recent deal for an independent nuclear force for NATO ends such dreams. . . .

Another error of Glazer's is equating these days with 1939. Nuclear missiles have permanently foreclosed such analogies. . . .

Only the "'Peace Movement" points the way for both reason and morality. I think it not unreasonable to assume that we will all really be in trouble, and neither Kennedy nor the new *Realpolitik* of "images" and mass media "national unity" will get us out of it.

HARVEY A. ABRAMS
Minneapolis, Minnesota

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glazer, like several other cold war liberals, seems to be more belligerent than the President of the United States. The President stressed that the action taken with regard to Cuba was not a policy; there were special circumstances involved which dictated application of the method used, and even this, he admitted, was taking the risk that "if any one of the sides makes a major mistake, there will be 150 million deaths within the first 18 hours."

The claim Mr. Glazer makes that the Cuban action removed the need for unilateral initiatives is quite unwarranted. No one denies that force *can* be used; the point is that its use in the long run must trigger a larger blow-up, which will have, at the very least, the consequences Kennedy described. The fact that this blow-up has not occurred up until now does not make its occurrence any less likely the next time; on the contrary, one could argue that it makes it all the more likely.

The claim that unilateral initiatives are no longer necessary, since the use of force has brought a "new fluidity" to American-Russian relations, has little support in fact. Although a treaty on the cessation of tests seemed imminent before the Cuban crisis, it is at present still pending. Nor have any other settlements, major or minor, been reached. . . .

To put it in simple terms, the whole thing is like driving a car at a speed of 100 miles per hour: it is quite all right as long as you get away with it; but the thrill of danger should not mislead us into thinking that it is a safe way of getting around. We must find a more effective way of conducting international policy than driving humanity to the brink of disaster every time a local conflict arises.

Cuba may, however, have had one new consequence: it shifted the danger of miscalculation from Russia to the United States. Russia might, it is true, be somewhat more careful now; but, especially in view of what many in the press and some of my liberal friends have been suggesting, will the United States be?

AMITAI ETZIONI
Department of Sociology
Columbia University
New York City

MR. GLAZER *writes*:

One point comes up consistently in most of these letters: The Russian action did not upset the status quo, the missiles there were not important, and Kennedy was faking. Gilpatric is quoted twice on this point. I cannot follow this reasoning. If the missiles there meant nothing, and changed nothing, then why was this expensive and elaborate and dangerous operation undertaken? I assume Kennedy is as authoritative on this point as Gilpatric. And without knowing the context of Gilpatric's remarks, I would nevertheless point out that there are obviously contexts (for example, when one is defending the administration's relatively moderate position against Congressional extremists) in which an administration spokesman would try to play down the seriousness of the Russian action. The Russians having agreed to withdraw, to continue emphasizing the danger of the missiles could only exacerbate improving relations, aside from giving support to opponents attacking the competence of the administration's conduct of defense policy.

The inability of many of these letter-writers and particularly Mr. Lynd to detect any significance in the presence on this side of the Atlantic for the first time in history in 1962 of some tens of thousands of Russian troops and some of their most advanced weapons, is to me incredible. It is as if a historian were to say it was of no significance that American soldiers were permanently placed on the continent of Europe after World War II because we had the atom bomb anyway; or that it is of no significance that Russian troops are stationed on the Elbe, because they could get there fast enough from 500 miles back. History is made up of such distinctions that seem not to matter to the letter-writers.

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A second point about distinctions, and this comes up most prominently in Mr. Lynd's letter, but also in Mr. Ireland's: Kennedy did not threaten atomic war, atomic destruction, or to wipe out Cuba. Between the embargo on aggressive weapons and atomic war there lies a wide range of reactions. Mr. Lynd is simply irresponsible when, speaking of what Kennedy actually did, he says "only the threat of nuclear annihilation was available to President Kennedy as an appropriate response to Russian missiles in Cuba." There was no such threat, and I made a point of this in my article. Khrushchev has specifically threatened to use his atomic rockets to wipe out a number of specified countries to advance his foreign policy objectives. For example: he threatened to wipe out Israel, England, and France, if they continued their attack on Suez; he threatened countries which served as bases for U-2 flights; he threatened this country if it should attack Cuba. I contrasted this behavior with that of the American Presidents, who have emphasized that the atomic weapons are for the purpose of deterring their use against us or our allies, and have only suggested they might be used in the case of a massive attack on Western Europe. Mr. Lynd cannot see the difference between an embargo on aggressive weapons and a threat of nuclear annihilation; Mr. Ireland thinks that our desire to see a hostile government in Cuba overthrown is equivalent to Khrushchev's threats of atomic annihilation.

As to Professor Etzioni, I do not see how he can get the idea from my article that I believe belligerence is the only posture to adopt toward Russia. For example, I suggest in the article that it would be a good idea to reduce our nuclear stockpile—unilaterally. But as to Cuba, just what would he have suggested?

Fortunately, most of the leaders of the peace movement make much better distinctions than these. The attitudes and reasoning exhibited in these letters is far worse than those I attacked in my article and not characteristic of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy or the leaders of Turn Toward Peace.

TV, Pro and Anti

To the Editor of Commentary:

Richard Schickel's position ["The Television Problem," December 1962] . . . seems inconsistent. He admits that the TV medium is giving the public pap; yet he psychoanalyzes and berates the critics for trying to get better program material. Problems . . . that do exist, should, in Schickel's view, be resolved by the TV industry itself. His solution is a plea to the industry to appropriate funds sufficient for "the experimenting with the medium . . . [for] acquiring a practical knowledge of . . . strengths and weaknesses."

The details of the proposed experiments are not spelled out; but assuming that the TV industry does experiment along this line . . . and the experiments indicate that the medium requires basic changes, it would be contrary to the facts of economic life for a commercial enterprise to adopt procedures in the public interest if they conflict with the corporate purse. Not even the spokesmen for TV claim that what is best for the industry is best for the public.

Mr. Schickel thinks that the quality of TV programming is beyond the scope of legislative fiat. While it is never prudent to allow the government . . . carte blanche in cultural matters, it should be given sufficient authority to set standards based on quantitative objectives. For example . . . the questions of quantity, length, sound level, content, and manner of presentation of the advertising message are clearly and properly within the purview of governmental scrutiny. I have no doubt that if the "commercials" were adequately controlled it would be a major (though indirect) step toward improving program material.

One aspect . . . not discussed by Mr. Schickel is the social responsibility of the performers, whether artists or panelists . . . Appearing on television has become the *sine qua non* of prestige and success. So compelling is the urge of even internationally famous artists to be seen that every modicum of good taste is sacrificed. . . .

Walter D. Rosenberg
Riverdale, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Although it may seem minor to many, an interesting point in Mr. Schickel's article is his mention of the tremendous burden on television trying to produce 5,200 hours of entertainment each year as compared to Hollywood's maximum of only 500 hours. I found the article informative and to the point and although I appear to be critical of TV at times in my humor, I am, nevertheless, pro-television.

Henry Scarpelli
TV Tee-Hees
New York City

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Cold War Thinking

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I hope that David T. Bazelon's perceptive review of Fred J. Cook's *The Warfare State* [January, 1963] gets a wider reading than the book he so rightly calls a "silly black-and-white history of the cold war." Mr. Cook's opus ought to be recognized by thoughtful liberals and conservatives alike for what it is, an incredibly cynical distortion of past, present, and future, and a disservice to citizens in and out of uniform who are seriously trying to understand. . . .

Mr. Cook, who is described in book club promotions as a "prizewinning" author, is a hit-and-run journalist who doesn't mind in the least smearing the many Americans in uniform who daily risk their lives to keep the cold war cold.

There is plenty of material, as Mr. Bazelon suggests in his review, for scholarly analysis that would lead to public understanding of the military impact on our society, but Fred J. Cook's hysterical pen is scarcely the instrument for such efforts.

WILLIAM LEAVITT

Air Force Space Digest
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Considering the overwhelming importance of books such as Fred Cook's *The Warfare State,* I believe that Mr. Bazelon's review of it must rank as one of the stupidest and most vicious things of its kind to appear recently. Shrill, hysterical reviewers usually in a short space manage to commit and compound all the mistakes they attribute to the authors they are attacking. Bazelon's review is an excellent example of this often seen phenomenon.

JOHN WOMACK

Austin, Texas

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his review . . . David T. Bazelon writes: " . . . The old Stalinist middle-brow style of thought has survived the whole postwar period unregenerate, and we are back again with that puerile hunger for fairy tales. And one recalls, then, the reports of old-style Stalinist influence in the peace movement. Worst of all: the Stalinoid mentality seems to have learned nothing from the McCarthy period. . . . "

I am amazed to find statements of this character published in COMMENTARY. They remind me of the models of degenerate English which George Orwell used as exhibits in his "Politics and the English Language." Is Mr. Cook being accused of being a Communist or merely of having a "Stalinoid mentality"? And what does the latter mean, if not the former? As for that little nudge in the ribs about the peace movement—what is the source of those dark reports that "one so impersonally 'recalls' "? The House Un-American Activities Committee? How depressingly familiar these techniques of vilification are! Apparently the Stalinists are not alone in having learned nothing from the McCarthy period.

MORTON D. PALEY

New York City

MR. BAZELON *writes:*

"Stalinoid mentality" refers not to a Communist party member but to the mind of the kind of liberal who, out of an ungoverned disappointment with American life, was willing to believe most or at least too much of what the members told them. They believed, for instance, what the Soviet apologists told them about the Moscow trials, about the Soviet-Nazi Pact, and even about the takeover in Eastern Europe. The source of my statement about the peace movement was Robert Pickus of Turn Toward Peace, and has been confirmed by several other friends not associated with the HUAC. Moreover, not everyone who has attacked the Stalinists and the Stalinoid mentality was a supporter of McCarthy, or needed to learn anything about these subjects from the phenomenon he represented. (Some of them, including George Orwell, even write rather well.)

Growing Old

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Midge Decter has reached the heart of the problem ["Growing Old in America," January]. It is essential that an elderly man or woman have a decent income in order to enjoy life. What has surprised me is that conservative clergymen will admit this while some sociologists, social workers, and liberals can't recognize this fact.

Miss Decter should have written an article on the forty to sixty-five-year-old group. Employment and promotion bias against these older workers makes many of them feel rejected by society. Automation, declining industries, and mergers make life tragic for them when they are laid off, because few employers will hire them except for the most menial jobs.

If America is to attain greater produc-

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tivity, it must mobilize its . . . idle but qualified manpower. Even the most ambitious retraining program will be futile if retrained workers are not hired because of their age or any other prejudice. . . .

WALTER W. STOREY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Midge Decter's . . . observation that the feeling of the inveterate patrons of our city parks, the very young and the very old, toward each other is "one of hatred" . . . does not gibe with my experience. Over sixty-five myself, I reside in a teeming and not overly genteel section of the Bronx, and frequent the parks in the neighborhood. Rarely, however, have I seen mean, rude, or crass behavior manifested by the elderly to the young. What I see is how the aged take joy watching the frolics of tots—an old woman . . . offering a candy to the toddler who strayed to her bench; a wizened old man with awkward sprightliness going to retrieve the ball that Junior threw out-of-bounds. . . . A number of those I know did not have "a life properly lived" yet bear no "resentment, bitterness, and envy" towards the young. At the "golden age" they are not competing even among themselves. . . .

J. S. OESTREICHER

Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Midge Decter blames our old age problem on America's unwritten social code which dictates, "save, defer, lay by, put off." I doubt that this . . . is the real heart of the matter or even as . . . operative as it once was. As Miss Decter states, a great many old people feel they've never lived, and now they never will. But is it . . . not rather that in millions of cases, neither a man's job nor his leisure time activities succeeded in developing any resources of character or meaning for his life to sustain him later? In obedience to society's definition of him as consumer, the average man buys the latest cars, radios, and refrigerators, installs himself as the passive . . . spectator before them. The majority of jobs cannot awaken in him interests or resources that might make these objects . . . less compelling. When he grows old, he feels as Miss Decter puts it, that he's been "had." Perhaps at last, he sees his life for what it is; perhaps not. At any rate, he cannot but feel the limitations of the role which our economy has stamped upon him.

JOANNE BENTLEY

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . A more fruitful analysis [than Midge Decter's] might be as follows: "Senior citizens" are merely young people grown old, not a special category of human being. They possess no greater wisdom today than they possessed ten years earlier. Their distinction lies in the fact that they cannot strive day-to-day for their livelihood, and they are approaching the end of their lives. . . .

And therein lies the real anguish of forced retirement: the TV set has broken. . . . The chips are down . . . questions one has dodged all one's life suddenly assert themselves Transfixed by idleness one must either answer, continue to lose oneself in diversion . . . or grow bitter, jealous and resentful of youth.

In these terms, any attempt to put the blame on society is either cowardly or lazy. What can society possibly do? . . .

The answer is not ". . . the collection of all those present moments that might one day become real and self-defining remembrances." Who cares about remembrances? We are talking about *life*. What old age needs is real activity, but activity undertaken in the knowledge that *all activity is futile . . . because it all ends with the grave,* and from this knowledge gain the saving insight that there is no such thing as great and transforming experience . . . that life is a day-to-day affair right up to the end. . . .

Increased social security payments and medical benefits are tangible goals, but they will not bring tranquility. The shelter of a well-built philosophy is available only to those who take the trouble to make one.

MARTIN L. KING

Arlington, Virginia

Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Through a misprint in my letter in the March issue concerning Oscar Gass's article "China and the United States" [November 1962], . . . it appeared that I myself was a supporter of the government of Chiang Kai-shek. The sense of what I wrote, however, was that Maurice William, about whom I wrote an article for the *Chicago Jewish Forum* some years ago, has been a long-time supporter of the government of Chiang Kai-shek, and I learned enough of Mr. William to feel sure that he could not possibly have supported the kind of regime which Mr. Gass described.

MILTON HINDUS

Newton Centre, Massachusetts

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EUROPE RENEWED AND TRANSFORMED*

Oscar Gass

The Europe they had come from lay out there beyond the Irish Sea, Europe of strange tongues and valleyed and wood-begirt and citadelled and of entrenched and marshalled races.

—James Joyce, 1914

It would be a measureless disaster if Russian barbarism overlaid the culture and independence of the ancient States of Europe. . . . I look forward to a United States of Europe. . . . I hope to see a Council of perhaps ten units, including the former Great Powers. . . .

—Winston Churchill, 1942

THE EUROPE of Joyce's revery, was it not, by 1945, quite obliterated? First the great killings of World War I. Next Bolshevism and then Fascism. In the West, economies that did not provide work. Everywhere, foolish and quarrelsome nationalities. Then Nazi destructions of many kinds. And, at last, the Russian design for military victory: trade five deaths for one, and let the armies advance. Churchill had thought to portion out with Stalin spheres of European influence—even in the East. Roosevelt had bemused himself with imaginings of personal blandishments. And now the Russian armies were in Berlin and Prague and Vienna. Would they not reach out for more?

But all the articulated differences of the Europe of 1914 did survive, though of course transformed. The years 1945–48 may be accounted Postwar. Postwar ended with the Communist takeover in Prague and the initiation of the Marshall Plan. The years 1948–53 count as Transition. By their end, Germany is firmly split, Stalin is dead, the Korean War is over, and the fundamental characteristics of the new Western Europe are set—clearly visible for anyone who has eyes to see. Since 1953, all is repeated confirmation.

In this West, property and society are stable. There will be no confiscations. Nationalizations, yes, but with ample compensation. No redistribution of wealth. No need for European capital to flee to the United States, as it did in the dangerous 1930's. Instead, American private investment in Europe will come to total $13 billion by 1961—surpassing American investment in any other continent except North America. Why indeed should American private business not feel at ease where property is so highly regarded and generously recompensed?

The principal states of the new Western Europe care for full employment more aggressively and more successfully than does the United States. By minimizing unemployment, the state nearly eliminates zero incomes. But otherwise there is little income redistribution. The workers pay for their increased social benefits. "Tax reform" comes to mean—as in the United States—a *less* direct and *less* progressive revenue system.

Governments, in this new Western Europe, have annual revenues of between 25 per cent and 35 per cent of gross national product. But such revenues do not mean socialism. They will not frighten American businessmen, who live under a government system which, in 1961, collected current revenues (federal, state, and local) equal to about 29 per cent of the American gross national product. True, the European capital market is organized quite differently from the American. In France and England, institutions of "the public sector" direct the flow of some 50 per cent of all in-

* A review of *The New Europe* by George Lichtheim (Praeger, 232 pp., $5.50).

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vestment funds. But about half of these funds are directed into activities under private ownership. All together, therefore, about three-quarters of all investment remains in private enterprises. The management elite of government finance, public enterprises, and public planning exchanges positions easily with the management elite of private business and private banking. This is not the world of the *Code Napoléon* or the world of Marx. But the Saint-Simonians are at ease in it.

In this Western Europe, there are no world powers. Britain has relinquished Empire, and it minimizes recognition of the changed status by exaggerating the significance of its Commonwealth. France gave up Empire more slowly and grudgingly, and it softens the loss with the overblown rhetoric of *"grandeur"* and *"gloire."* But not even supranationally is there a *military* world power in being or in becoming in Western Europe. The six countries of the Common Market plus Britain have a population larger than that of the USSR; their combined income may be two-fifths larger than that of the Soviet Union. But they do not maintain, out of their greater population and much larger income, a military establishment comparable to the Russian. Even today, all the other NATO powers together (including Canada) provide an annual military expenditure of about $18 billion, while the United States alone provides three times as much. Western Europe is not of a mind to pay the price of world power. This deficiency of power sets painful limits to the natural desire for political self-assertion.

REGARDING THIS New Europe, Mr. George Lichtheim has written a long, and I believe excellent, political tract. It is full of penetrating and novel turns of thought, and is therefore worth reading from beginning to end. Indeed, of five sections, the first and last are, in my judgment, the best.

This said, I must quickly add that Mr. Lichtheim's Europe is not quite mine, as his modes of thought are not completely those I can share. For example, he places great value on the idea that ours is a "post-bourgeois" Europe. Being myself little impressed with the explanatory value of the concept of "bourgeois society," I find even less illumination in being told that a society is *post*-bourgeois. Also, he does not disassociate himself explicitly, and in so many words, from the (very different) European policies of the two Presidents—President John F. Kennedy and President Charles de Gaulle—as I would have done, writing his book. In general, Mr. Lichtheim is an historicist, while I think one should be anti-historicist. He consequently assigns what I think is a mistaken status to concepts like "growth" and "evolution" and even "historically progressive." (I welcome the fact that, in the last case, Mr. Lichtheim has the perceptiveness to mock himself and to accompany the words "historically progressive" with the parenthesis "whatever that may mean"—as one who, being half aware of having committed a blooper, accompanies it with a nervous laugh. But I want more. I want a clear distinction between concepts of historical connection and concepts of value.)

Mr. Lichtheim's book has almost too many ideas. It reflects a richly stocked mind—and a mind always ready to make one more point. He challenges the post-bourgeois survival of the family in one sentence, and he limits creativeness eternally to a minority, also in one sentence. But it is with ill grace that we protest Mr. Lichtheim's abundance. In general, his is an admirable book. In these latter years, we have had a flood of books on European Integration and the European Common Market. They come trooping out monthly—most of them bearing the imprimatur of a Congressional Committee, a Policy Planning Staff, an Institute, a Foundation, or a Fund. I cannot pretend that my strength or interest goes beyond riffling a few pages in most of these books. But, among those I have read, Mr. Lichtheim's seems to me to contain the most thoughtful political assessments. He signs his book November 1962—two months before de Gaulle excluded Britain from the Common Market. It testifies to the quality of his work that, if he were dating it March 1963, he could of course add some things, but there would be only the tenses of a few sentences to change.

Mr. Lichtheim does not, in so many words, reject the Gaullist formula of a "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals." But perhaps this is only a matter of taste in expression. He knows very well that the USSR does not

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end at the Urals, as Europe does not end in the West where de Gaulle sees the Atlantic. He knows also—and does not minimize, in the sometime manner of George Kennan—the profound differences between Communist Europe and Western Europe. Therefore, for the next decade, he is, I think rightly, skeptical of all far-reaching European neutralizations, and he speaks harsh words regarding "disengagement."

> Talk of "European neutralism" . . . is doubly senseless. Not only does it ignore the quite patent threat implicit in Soviet policies and attitudes; it also abstracts from the existence of the East European countries now attached to the U.S.S.R. To be at all meaningful, "neutralism" would have to embrace them too, which is tantamount to saying that the U.S.S.R. would have to be induced to withdraw and let the political system imposed upon its satellites be replaced by something akin to democracy. It requires an inordinate amount of optimism to believe that this is likely to happen, at any rate within the coming decade; and until it does happen, all talk of "disengagement" and "neutralization" belongs to the realm of fantasy.

Very good. And all talk of a "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals" belongs to an even remoter realm of fantasy.

Where Lichtheim fails us distinctly, on the European politics of Gaullism, is in not seeing through the Gaullist public relations stunt of a *"force de frappe."* He also does not penetrate to the deeper economic and political meaning of this stunt. It is a fable that Western Europe is not today a military world power because the economic requirements of such power would, in the popular phrase, "bleed Europe white." No; there is no truth in such phrases. Western Europe could today, so far as economics (including manpower) is concerned, sustain a military power entirely the equal of the Russian or the American and still have a standard of living higher than Europe had ever known before 1953. By what peculiar path do we reason that a standard of living possible to our fathers, down all the reaches of time, is not now *economically* possible? No; it is the will that is lacking. It is preference that runs otherwise.

Because Western Europe has—by choice and preference—foregone independent military power, Western Europeans seem condemned to alternative frustrations. One main course is to deceive themselves comfortingly with the bluff of something like de Gaulle's puny *"force de frappe."* The other alternative is to negotiate for equality in NATO, arguing equality of sacrifice, and hoping—against hope—to succeed by friendly argument with the Americans, in spite of Europe's drastic inferiority in power and contribution. One need not be lacking in sympathy for the choice, which Western Europe has made, of greater comfort and lesser military power, to wish to bring out, with all possible clarity, that it *is* a choice. Real alternatives exist. And many of Europe's deepest political and public frustrations are direct consequences of decisions made in this particular matrix of choosing and rejecting.

ONE OF THE best things in Mr. Lichtheim's book is his treatment of the vacillations and ambiguities in Britain's attitude toward joining a European confederation. He sketches skillfully the two great companion illusions: first, Britain the leader of a powerful Commonwealth of nations and races; second, Britain the member of an intimate Anglo-American partnership, and hence the mediator between Europe and America. He finds that ". . . between 1945 and 1960, most British people of all parties still tended to believe in the possibility of an Anglo-American partnership that would become the core of an Atlantic system." And he quotes, most appositely, de Gaulle's record of a Churchillian outburst, in the presence of Eden and Bevin, in June 1944. Churchill was urging de Gaulle to go to Washington to solicit Roosevelt's approval of de Gaulle's being named representative of France. The meeting was stormy, and Churchill cried out:

> Here is something you should know: whenever we have to choose between Europe and the open sea, we shall always choose the open sea. Whenever I have to choose between you and Roosevelt, I shall always choose Roosevelt.

De Gaulle learned and remembered.

It is a great pity that Mr. Lichtheim has not been available, during these past five years, to teach official Washington—the White House, the State Department, the Congress, and other bodies—in what manner

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good Europeans regard the relation of the United States to European integration:

> Conceivably, there are people in Whitehall and in the State Department who still believe that, once inside Europe, the British will "manage" it—in the joint interest of the Anglo-Saxon powers. This is wishful thinking; the Europeans are in no mood to have their affairs run by people whom they regard as outsiders. If the British count on playing a leading role in the new Europe, they will have to demonstrate to their skeptical partners that in any serious conflict of interest between the two halves of the Atlantic world they can be counted on to come down on the European side. . . . What makes the decision crucial is that the [European] community will clearly aim at autonomy, if not independence, in the field of politico-military strategy.

Mr. Lichtheim has educational material to communicate also to those past members of English-speaking unions who wished the United States to "join the Common Market." He says, what should have been elementary:

> For the United States to adhere to the Rome Treaty—supposing such a thing to be economically feasible—would be to destroy the whole carefully built edifice of European political integration. . . . The Common Market was deliberately set up to serve as the economic framework of a future united Europe. It cannot be enlarged to include the U.S.A. without losing its original purpose.

And he states the central philosophy of European integration, regarding relations with the United States, with beautiful clarity:

> The unspoken assumptions underlying the Common Market are not anti-American, but they are opposed to American hegemony within the Western world: Western Europe is to become master of its own fate, so far as that is possible. . . . In the measure that these nations—or their political and intellectual elites through which they express their collective feelings and ambitions—retain memories of this recent past, they are bound to view the United States as a temporary overlord, whose sudden elevation to the rank of *primus inter pares* corresponds neither to innate virtues nor to the long-range interests of the Western world as a whole.

Amen.

As I HAVE no access to confidential information, I hesitate to pinpoint what seems to me to be the substantial negative contribution of the Kennedy administration to the development of European political integration. It is possible that subsequent publication of confidential records will alter perspectives on these events. But I think a drastic alteration unlikely. And some evaluation of this aspect of the recent American contribution to the sad course of European integration is badly missing from Mr. Lichtheim's analysis.

The decisive event then, I think, was Mr. Kennedy's reaction to his Vienna meeting with Mr. Khrushchev. Mr. Kennedy mobilized the National Guard. He enlarged military expenditure. He dispatched additional troops to Germany. And, above all, mistakenly I believe, he pre-empted initiative in distinctively European affairs. He did not leave the forward position to Adenauer, de Gaulle, and Macmillan—promising them the support of their faithful American ally. He seized the forward position and shoved his European allies into the background. He exchanged demonstrations and counter-demonstrations in the streets of Berlin. He acted the part of the militant, myopic American overlord. Whom power had made unequal, forbearance did not redeem.

Overt and sustained pressure on Britain, by the government of the United States, to join the Common Market, constituted—perhaps paradoxically—a second aspect of the Kennedy administration's negative contribution to European integration. (In this, of course, Kennedy was only carrying on his unfortunate inheritance from Eisenhower.) On the merits of Britain's adherence to the Common Market, there are significant differences among well-informed and well-disposed people. Personally, had I been British, I believe that—like Mr. Lichtheim—I would have favored Britain's adherence to the European Community, on political grounds—though, on the terms offered in 1962, I do not believe Britain would have gained economically, on balance, from joining the Common Market. But adherence or non-adherence was, par

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excellence, the kind of decision Britain should have been allowed to make for herself. British status in Europe could only be prejudiced—as, in the end, it was fatally—by the fact that British entry was being pushed by the government of the United States.

The Nassau conference, then, came only as the crowning incident of American (and British) diplomatic ineptitude. The "Anglo-Saxons" were again intimately making policy, and presenting France with the conclusions of their deliberations. But President de Gaulle did not have to tolerate from Kennedy and Macmillan in 1963 what General de Gaulle had suffered from Roosevelt and Churchill in 1944. It did not matter that informed and authoritative British opinion, in the Labor and Liberal parties, soon rejected the Polaris offer to Britain as expensive and pointless. What did matter was that the American offer to France was discourteous in procedure and derisory in content. The cup ran over.

In its relations with Western Europe—integrated or not integrated—the United States needs a better considered and more skillful diplomacy than has been practiced by the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations. The United States is not a proper member of any form of Atlantic Community unless a state can belong to several overlapping communities. The United States is a world power, with obligations in the Americas and Asia which Europe refuses to share (and obligations in Africa which the U.S. interprets differently from some of its European allies). Western Europe is not a first-class power even in Europe. These words may give pain. But they need to be said clearly.

Since power is so discrepant, American diplomacy should be the more committed to restraint in European action, wherever possible. The United States should always accord first place to Europeans where distinctively European matters are concerned.* If collaboration were a matter of all or none, it would have to be none. The United States cannot refrain from action in the Americas or in Asia (probably not even in Africa) because the action may have impact on Europe. But international collaboration is not a matter of all or none.

The movement toward greater European political integration is now arrested. Probably it will make no further major advance until Adenauer, Macmillan, and de Gaulle have completed their public life. Perhaps by then the United States may have unlearned its posturing, in every region of the earth and in every class of question, as the one militant "Leader of The Free World."

* I would, of course, argue for a similar policy also in other regions of the world, as I have done for East Asia in my essay on "China and the United States" in COMMENTARY (November 1962).

HIGHER EDUCATION AND THE SYSTEM*

Harold Taylor

MOST OF THE writing about colleges in the United States is done either by novelists or by educators, with the novelists reporting the details of the spiritual sterility which exists in the colleges, and the educators explaining how to increase the incidence of sterility by new forms of academic organization. As the body of educational literature grows in this way, it may soon be possible to construct a college curriculum entirely of academic novels, plays, and educational documents, with new works from psychology, anthropology, history, and sociology added annually as more and more of the social and behavioral scientists turn to the university culture for their materials. A little more of the present trend and the encapsulation of the colleges within their own culture will be complete.

With the present degree of self-consciousness about education and the enormous amount of information we have about the problems of the colleges, it would be natural to assume that great new projects were now in motion. This is not the case. The new projects have mainly to do with increasing the number and kind of requirements for

* A review of *The Community of Scholars*, by Paul Goodman (Random House, 175 pp., $3.95).

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academic subject-matter, increasing the number of scholastically trained young people to meet the need for technical manpower, increasing the speed and accuracy by which academic materials can be covered, and dealing with the administrative and housing problems of a rapidly expanding student body.

The ideas for reform are not coming, as they did in the 1920's and 30's, from radicals in the teaching profession who wish to found new institutions on new principles. The restlessness about education is coming from the students, some of whom are genuine radicals whose aim is to abolish the entire big university system and to create new forms of education in their own terms.

I have before me a prospectus for a special issue of a student magazine on the reform of higher education. Under the title "What Goes On," there are three sub-headings: "Kiddie Land, U.S.A.," on student experience; "The Kiddie Grows Up," on the graduate student and young faculty; and "The Baby Sitters," on the administrators. Under the title "What Is To Be Done," the sub-headings are: "Guerrilla Warfare," "Revolution," "The Beachhead," and "Guides for Action."

It is Paul Goodman's awareness of the reality of the educational problem as seen by students like these that makes his ideas for the reform of colleges so important a contribution to contemporary writing about education. His articles, his lectures, his books, his visits to colleges, and now his new book, *The Community of Scholars,* reveal both a direct awareness of the situation of the student and an intensity of concern to do something about it.

Goodman's quarrel with the universities is that they are now organized as teaching machines to train the young in marketable skills when they should be self-governing communities where young people can grow up to be free. As it is, "the young are kept from learning by rules, task-work, and extraneous distractions."

The model for Goodman is in the medieval community of scholars, the *studium generale,* except that in his community, Goodman wants a direct confrontation of the scholars and students with their society, or with what he calls the "objective culture." The way he proposes to close the gap between the society outside and the life inside is by the presence in the university of elders with experience of the world, scholars who know what they are doing and who not only can but want to teach what they are doing and what they know. They are veterans, professionals, who "speak and apply the university's authority in the world."

THE MODEL for the Veteran, the word Goodman likes for his kind of teacher, is the physician. "Conceive him at the hospital with students, and the event has a curious duality; as an artist he is treating an individual patient; as a teacher he is demonstrating a universal pathology and scientific method." The same is true of philosophers, historians, and those who teach the arts—they must be in the world and know what it is doing. They cannot teach a subject simply by having studied it. They must be practicing philosophers, political activists, historians, artists, writers, intellectuals.

The community Goodman wants is this:

> It is anarchically self-regulating or at least self-governed; animally and civilly unrestrained; yet itself an intramural city with a universal culture walled from the world; yet active in the world; living in a characteristically planned neighborhood according to the principles of mutual aid; and with its members in oathbound fealty to one another as teachers and students.

Leaving aside for the moment the question of how a community of this kind puts itself together and what we do with the animally unrestrained when they all get out of hand, why aren't there college communities like this in America?

Goodman's answer is that the administrators took over, and through a combination of manipulative devices and personal ambition, have made the universities into bureaucracies for processing students. The remedy is therefore simple. Academic executives, college presidents, and whoever else is in charge must go. In their place must be put the self-governing body of students and faculty.

What I miss in Goodman's account of the university is any social or economic analysis which makes sense of its present development. The administrators are there in large numbers because millions more students

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have come to the colleges with fewer and fewer scholars who are either willing or talented enough to teach them properly. If the United States had remained small and unindustrialized, we might have been able to build the Jeffersonian program Paul Goodman admires, with all the educational communities small and the scholars highly selected. But I don't see how this is possible except in a society much like Jefferson's.

It seems to me that what Goodman has done is to agree to Veblen's analysis in *The Higher Learning in America,* and to assume that what Veblen said was correct for the 19th and early 20th centuries is now correct for the 1960's. The fact is that Veblen's Captains of Erudition, as counterpart to the Captains of Industry and the Robber Barons, disappeared quite a while ago, and are now the counterparts of corporation management. When Goodman says that "the president has a remarkable freedom to determine policy whether educational, architectural, or financial," and that among his time-serving administrators, "he is the master in his own house," free "from headaches in his dealings with legislators, the press, parents," and able to "control the student organizations and newspapers," he is simply wrong about the facts.

There are occasional instances in which the entrepreneur who started a college himself or took over one which was already drifting down the drain has now the sort of power and attitude Goodman describes. There are also small colleges, little known to the public, which depend for their survival and future almost entirely on the initiative and administrative talents of the president. In such cases the president's role is very much like that of the owner of a small business, except that this business is literally nonprofit.

But Goodman's description would startle most of the other college presidents, including Quigg Newton, who was consistently attacked by members of the state legislature during the six years of his tenure at the University of Colorado, who had a number of headaches from the Colorado press and parents, who fought a battle with the editor of the student newspaper, and who leaves his post this year, following the election of two Republican trustees hostile to his educational policies.

WHAT HAS happened in the university system as a whole is very simple. The self-government of faculty bodies and the strength of the departmental system is such that the president no longer has much to say about faculty appointments or educational policy of any kind. With the growth of a corporate structure, the president's duties have been almost exclusively relegated to matters connected with public relations and fund-raising.

In the case of the state university president, the public relations are carried on continually and unremittingly with members of the state legislature and the public at large in order that appropriations may be secured, and the fund-raising and political dickering with alumni and alumni groups is a consuming task which leaves almost no time or energy for educational policy, even if the president had the power to make it. He is responsible for the total budget, he does appoint his own executive officers and deans, occasionally he has a part in major faculty appointments. Thus he exerts a degree of educational power, for good or ill. But his major effects are achieved by direct work with power groups and by political lobbying, along with his efforts to exert public influence by statements and speeches on public issues, including the issues of intellectual freedom and the role of the university in American society. As far as the presidency is concerned, the private university differs from the state university only in the range of its clientele and of the people whose interests must be served.

The real question is not whether the university president as educator should be condemned for having educational ideas which he would like to put into effect, but whether the sheer equilibrium of forces—educational, economic, political, intellectual—should serve as a substitute for the vigorous advocacy of ideas by those who have them. If the university president is to be simply a manager and not an educator, then the educational decisions are made in management terms, and we get the bureaucracy which wants no trouble.

But the matter goes even deeper than this, and much deeper than Goodman indicates. The idea of a self-governing faculty and student body is one which most of us share and which has been tried fairly often.

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As Goodman points out, the Black Mountain experiment was one such trial, and it ceased to function largely because a process of self-government, in which anarchy could be modified only by total consensus, resulted in exactly the *ad hominem* practices which Goodman advocates as desirable.

After a time, self-government by faculty and students becomes tiresome to everyone unless it is mitigated by some sort of administrative delegation. It is terribly true that some scholar-teachers are not very good at running things, and that many scholar-teachers with liberal views about self-government become very difficult people when elected to administrative positions. I wonder if Paul Goodman has met any departmental chairmen lately.

In the pathology of self-government among nervous intellectuals, Veterans or otherwise, the most frequent symptom of breakdown is the refusal by the community to allow anyone, elected or appointed, to make decisions or to act without the consent of the entire community. Anyone who has ever tried to get anything done with a committee of intellectuals, few of whom answer their mail or return telephone calls, and many of whom regard any simple and sensible request from their colleagues as a possible infringement of academic freedom, will grant that there is merit in the delegation of responsibility by electoral vote or other means. It is commonly reported on the basis of evidence that the greatest obstacle to educational reform in the direction suggested by Paul Goodman—the restoration of a personal relation between students and faculty—is the conservatism, preoccupation, and short-sightedness of the collective faculty body.

YET none of this diminishes the truth of what Goodman says about the university bureaucracy and its debilitating effects on the education of students. "The teaching-and-learning," says Goodman, "is not for keeps. It does not, immediately or ultimately, meet any intrinsic test of making a difference or exercising mastery. Instead there are credits and grading."

The most interesting question is, of course, what can be done about it.

Goodman is skeptical of most of the reforms now proposed, from the formation of small college units in the university residences to the installation of honors courses. The main flaw in the proposals, says Goodman, is that they do not bring in professionals to do the teaching. They try to educate the young by putting them through academic exercises under the supervision of people who have had no experience other than academic. This does not help the young to discover and accept who they are, to explore and find genuine opportunities to fulfill themselves in work and in action, "to *unblock* the intellect . . . to prove that it is possible for persons to display intellectual virtues without embarrassment or punishment, and to use them in the community and in the world without futility." To accomplish this, Goodman believes that there should be no standard curriculum and that instead students should choose to work at what interests them; he accepts Dewey's view of the intrinsic organization of studies in which the aim is to learn something in such a way that it leads to wanting to learn more. He argues for the extensive use of field work and the practical study of social situations; he proposes that the students be asked to write serious stories, plays, and essays about people and events in the college community, rather than spending all their time in "humanities" courses.

Since Goodman believes that the prospects for reform of the present system are dim, he advocates as an immediate alternative a series of secessions by faculty members from their university posts to organize small communities of scholars who would form associations for teaching and learning, unchartered, uninhibited by administrators, unfettered by social or academic rules. The classes would be twelve to fifteen in size, the faculty would be composed of professionals who were already engaged in their professions, along with four or five university scholars, and the students would choose to study whatever they wished with the person who taught it. The secessionist community would, Goodman says, flourish best in a city, preferably by attaching itself to an existing university whose library and other facilities would then be available. No academic credit or degrees would be offered, although it would be assumed that students who had spent quite a lot of time with good professionals and teachers would be able to

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get into graduate school on their merits.

There is no reason at all why such a secessionist movement should not be tried, or why, as has also been suggested, a group of intellectuals in the universities and in government should not drop out of their formal posts for a period of time to establish an institute for the study of contemporary issues, with a few younger people associated with them. Anything that can break up the pattern of present college structures and can bring students into closer touch with first-rate teachers and professionals is a move in the right direction.

THE IRONY in the proposal, as far as Paul Goodman is concerned, lies in the fact that as soon as he presents it in his book he becomes involved with administrative detail and must deal with practical things like drawing up a budget, arranging for the use of buildings, and coping with the problem of recruiting a suitable faculty. He finds as he begins to work out a budget that if his teachers are to be paid even $10,000 each, the students would have to pay from $700 to $800 each, about half the Ivy League tuition, without provision for library, laboratory, buildings, a community life, or anything else. If the students paid less, the faculty would receive less, and then the problem for someone (President Paul Goodman?) would be to put together a group of teachers who could afford to teach a group of students who could afford to pay the tuition. First thing you know you have an administration, a money-raising and public relations program for scholarships, faculty salaries and buildings, and we're off again.

But the possible variations of the Goodman idea are interesting and productive, whether or not the idea itself is put into effect. Already there are in existence work camps, study trips, field trips, research projects, non-resident years, foreign travel programs, work-study programs, and many other programs which go back to Goodman's central concept. Proposals exist for a world college in which a completely international student body would work on world problems with an international faculty; for peace internes who would take a year out of college to work directly in the peace movement; and for private peace corps projects for college students both before and after graduation. Some of the ideas for extending the range of education have been developed by students, others by professionals outside the universities, others by artists, writers, and the clergy.

Accordingly there is more room for maneuver than Paul Goodman thinks, both inside and outside the college, and much more can be done within the existing universities than Goodman has so far considered possible. I believe, with him, that the greatest improvement in the present system would be to abolish it entirely and start over. But his secessionist movement in a modified form could very easily be adapted to the structure of a large university, following the style of the experimental college which Alexander Meiklejohn began at the University of Wisconsin in the 1920's and 1930's. A free curriculum and a new community could be established with a faculty of its own, drawn from new appointments and partly from the university at large. Many deans and faculty members are ready to begin a variety of experiments when the ideas for beginning them are produced and the teachers able to do them are available.

What I find missing in Goodman's community is the kind of faith in the student that goes beyond the mere granting him of powers of self-government in a community staffed by his elders. There are Veterans among the students—young men and women whose experience in life and in the arts and sciences already goes beyond the experience of many of those who serve as their teachers. The kind of arrangement which I would like to see made is one which would free the students in their present college environment to do the things of which they are already capable. If they were taught less they would learn more. If they were given the chance, they would show how well they can teach each other.

In the meantime, the Goodman country is an attractive substitute for the real university world. He is writing and talking about the reality of the student predicament, and because he cares so much about what happens to the young and what happens to the society which is refusing them proper entry, his ideas are having a potent effect on the intellectual life of the American student. A serious teacher can hope for no greater satisfaction than that.

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LEARNING ABOUT THE OTHER FAITHS*

Martin E. Marty

IN THE FORMS our particular society has taken, sophisticated as it is by the many kinds of opinions which counter and check each other in the world of mass publication, we have come to learn to concentrate concern about prejudice and positive intergroup relations not in the hate literature that circulates beyond the fringe of respectable Christian groups, but precisely in the subtle, often unselfconscious domain of the respectables. Where better, indeed, to study whether prejudice is being taught than in that most respectable of institutions, the Protestant Sunday School? Here, to judge by the look of things, we find Christianity at its most cautious and scrubbed-up. The colored pictures of Jesus on the leaflets the children use make him look little like the Lord and much like Lord Fauntleroy, suffocated by pink bouquets and framed in a lanolin-rich setting of little blue lambs. And photographers on Easter morning know that the place to find the whitest little-girl bonnets and the straightest little-boy bow ties is at a Protestant Sunday School. Somewhere between that stereotype and the real street where children live are the typical Sunday Schools, still safely in the realm of respectability.

It would be incredible for real hate literature to appear in such an institution. This is not, however, the same thing as saying that all Protestant Sunday School texts necessarily foster nothing but brotherly love and sympathy for other religious groups. Accordingly, several times in the past, educators and sociologists have made content analyses of this literature to determine whether it may contain prejudice-causing elements. Not until the publication of Bernhard E. Olson's *Faith and Prejudice,* however, have we had a study that is careful, slow-to-wrath, and slow to generalize.

The most salutary feature of the Olson study—one of a series initiated by the American Jewish Committee to analyze the intergroup content of religious textbooks—is that it gives us, and for the first time, a concrete documentary basis for the kinds of observations we tend to make from surface contact with Protestant educational literature. But in the process of supplying such documentation, Professor Olson also manages to shatter and render obsolete most of the stereotypes of "what everybody knows" is in the literature. For example, the American public thinks of Protestants as muscle-flexing, self-assured imperialists staking out new claims. Olson, however, finds that "most Protestant groups think of themselves as a beleaguered minority—whether actually or prospectively." "For an American Protestant to regard himself as such a victim must in the main appear ludicrous to out-

* A review of *Faith and Prejudice: Intergroup Problems in Protestant Curricula,* by Bernhard E. Olson (Yale University Press, 451 pp., $7.50).

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side observers," as Olson rightly observes. Yet such attitudes are persistent and prevalent and better explain intergroup insecurities than do pictures of Protestant attempts to "throw their weight around."

To take a second example: in the public image, Protestant literature would ordinarily and naturally spend most of its time attacking the unbelieving world; then it would build up prejudice against its separated cousin in the field of Biblical religion, the Jews; next it would range fire on the separated brother of Roman Catholicism; finally, it would join forces with other Protestant sub-groups (after momentary pauses for razor-edged definition) to gang up on everyone else. Not so, according to Olson. While his conclusions here are guarded and his findings less patterned than on other points, he tells us that the unbeliever and the Jew receive only minority attention, while other Christian options are criticized more boldly and regularly.

In one simple question of summary, Olson asks: Is prejudice integral to the lore which representative Christian groups teach to children? Or is it accidental? Does it appear at all? He studies four groups directly—Unitarianism ("Liberal"), Presbyterianism ("Neo-Orthodox"), Missouri Synod Lutheranism ("Conservative") and Scripture Press ("Fundamentalism")—and he indirectly draws conclusions from contact with many other families of literature. The analysis concentrates on the Sunday School materials for the somewhat older children: upper elementary school, junior and senior high school, and some adult literature. Carefully Olson counts the number and measures the intensity of intergroup references; he marks the balances and imbalances, and draws graphs of prejudice and tolerance.

Olson's findings sharply contradict earlier authors like T. W. Adorno and his colleagues who, in *The Authoritarian Personality,* gave wide publicity and credence to the view that "freedom from religious dogmas would go with . . . freedom from prejudice, while acceptance of religions would go with . . . authoritarianism and hence, probably with ethnocentrism." Adorno, as Olson shows, simply failed to study the varieties of Protestantism and even of Protestant dogmatic interest. But if this is true of Adorno's green tree, it is doubly true of the dry trees like R. A. Schermerhorn's *These Our People: Minorities in American Culture* or Sigmund Livingston's *Must Men Hate?*—neither of them yet two decades old. Olson quotes Schermerhorn on page one to set up the stereotype:

> . . . attending church school or receiving religious instruction the American child learns that the Jews were responsible for the death of Christ and that they have rejected him ever since. In many cases he is taught that the Jewish "race" has since had to live under a curse for refusing the Gospel or that Cain symbolizes the Jewish people who put the Savior to death. The place of the Romans in the Crucifixion is omitted and the fact that Jesus was a Jew who was carrying on many of the prophetic ideas of former Jews is never mentioned!

This is a dangerous characterization, not because it is untrue but because it is half true. Who is this "American child"? How and on what levels is he receiving "anti-Semitic indoctrination"? Olson shows, for example, that a Presbyterian child (a member of no small or mean family) will not receive a trace of such "indoctrination" and a Unitarian (a member of a smaller, but still not mean, family) will hear anything but what Schermerhorn alleges. Are Presbyterians, Unitarians, and all their cousins not American? One can only conclude that in the past, few took the pains to study what was actually present. Olson has, and from now on there will be even less excuse than ever for lumping together all Protestants.

But if Olson's findings will be unsatisfying to ideologues like Schermerhorn and Adorno, neither will they satisfy those who look for thinned-out tolerance nor those who want to see prejudice overtly taught. "Ethnocentrism" there is, of course, in abundance in Scripture Press and Missouri Synod literature, both of which reveal much insecurity in the face of alternative religious viewpoints. "The denial by another of what I hold true, impairs my confidence in it," says Henry Sidgwick in his *Ethics.* That could be a text for the ethnocentric references. And the strident counterpart to it could be taken from the note scrawled on the margin of the minister's sermon: "Argument weak, yell like hell."

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If Scripture Press and the Missouri Synod save their energies for criticism of Protestant deviants from their own positions and tend to neglect Catholicism and Judaism, this does not mean that anti-Catholicism and anti-Semitism do not appear at all. Plutarch wrote of the Cretans: they always fought among themselves until the outside challenger came, and then they banded like brothers. One can surmise what might happen to Protestant fratricide if Protestantism were *really* tested from the outside.

On the whole, Catholics receive fairly generous treatment from all four of Olson's groups. Unitarians and Presbyterians join the other two families in criticizing elements in the Catholic past (e.g., the Inquisition, which of course deserves criticism), though they occasionally sophisticate the criticism by refusing to identify the Inquisition with today's Catholicism. All four groups show some anxiety over Catholic claims in the public realm. But by and large, Catholics come off fairly well.

Where non-Biblical religion is concerned, the Unitarian literature bends over forward in embrace—one is tempted to say that Unitarianism's only real prejudice is against Christian orthodoxy. The Unitarians and Presbyterians share an interest in anti-ethnocentrism, the former in doctrinaire fashion and the latter in a more careful way. (Unitarianism-Universalism are of course very small denominations, but they do represent seriously a monistic view of truth not far from the generalized religion which most Americans hold casually if they do not bother to join a church. This adds significance to the Unitarian references.) Presbyterianism engages in real theological criticism of other religions without failing to teach understanding and openness toward them. "On the whole, both the fundamentalist and conservative writers are apt to see more evil and ungodliness than goodness and godliness in the mass of sects and denominations," to say nothing of the non-Christian religious groups.

WHAT, THEN, of the Jew? All in all he seems to receive less attention than Christian variants and yet far more than any other world religion. The reasons are obvious: the Jew shares Biblical history with the Christians; the Old Testament is observed by both; Jews figure on every page of the New Testament. Christian history has involved twenty centuries of dialogue (much of it noisy, some of it bloody) with Jews. Thus the Jewish references in the literature tell most about how "prejudice" is taught. For, as concerned as Lutherans or Scripture Press editors may be to show the theological evils of "liberalism" or "modernism" or "ecumenicism," I must admit that the concept of a Holy War between Lutheran and Methodist is inconceivable, and persecution by Baptists of a Disciples group only a remote possibility. But synagogues do get bombed and burned; Jews are a visible, marked minority; swastikas do get painted; nasty generalizations do get sneered. What does the literature do to encourage this?

Olson reveals that it would not only not occur to *any* of the authors he has studied to be overtly anti-Semitic in the common sense of that term, but also that they would

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positively think of themselves as combating anti-Semitism. Old Testament Jews are usually portrayed quite accurately and faithfully. The New Testament, however, is a problem—as anyone who has studied the script for the Oberammergau Passion Play and its parallels to the Fourth Gospel can testify. Of course, New Testament anti-Jewishness was wholly theological, directed to the controversy over Law and Gospel and the person and work of Jesus Christ. Most of the New Testament heroes and writers, including its central figure, were Jewish. But Olson finds the writers of Missouri Synod and Scripture Press literature unable or unwilling to make the distinction for children to whom "Jew" means the Bronstein kids in second grade or the Rubinsteins whom mother and dad whisper about. Still, "with few exceptions, Jews are more advantageously presented by the Protestant educators than are all other religious groups."

The real difficulty here is the text, "His blood be upon us and on our children," reported in the New Testament to have been shouted by "the Jews" at the trial of Jesus. Missouri Synod and Scripture Press literature quote this most frequently of any text on the subject, says Olson. He also points out, in one of his most astute observations, that toward Jews—though not toward Christians—the writers work with a Pauline sense of human solidarity. The Jew, in history and today, is involved by the editors in this "curse" and this shout. But the writers falter in applying the same sense of solidarity for sin to their own Christian family, where individual responsibility is always emphasized. Of course, the Jew can escape the curse by converting—there is never any prejudice against the Christian Jew!

Presbyterian literature masterfully escapes the problem of a double standard of solidarity. Where the children of Missouri Synod Lutherans are told to show how unbelievers still crucify Christ and attack the Church ("I-with-Christ"), the Presbyterians—having learned well from schoolmaster Reinhold Niebuhr—stress the opposite lesson: show how *we* crucify Christ by our actions ("I-against-Christ"). Olson points out that all groups *in the abstract* take responsibility for sin (Unitarians make little of crucifixion and of sin, so except them); but Missouri Lutherans and Scripture Press editors fail to apply *concrete* and detailed self-analysis for this sin. Here lies their most drastic failing and it represents a complete misunderstanding in practice of their own views of God's Law and the human predicament.

Is THERE, THEN, a basis for Jewish anxiety in the literature? Only at this point, I would say. If a Unitarian or a Presbyterian is lurking and preying on Jews, he got his anti-Semitism elsewhere than from Sunday School literature. If a Missouri Lutheran or a Scripture Press disciple is intolerant, he may well have been encouraged in his intolerance by a misapplication of some Biblical exegesis—which, however, was not maliciously intended. (Olson, to be sure, quotes one shocking exception from Scripture Press literature: "Though [Jews] are despised and unwelcome in many instances, wherever they go they seem to rise to the top! Wall Street, railroad systems [sic], newspapers, circuit courts, clothing firms—aggressive Jews have succeeded in all these ventures and in many others.")

The heart of the matter is exegesis of "the curse." Missouri Synod literature says that "The Jews who live among us are constant reminders of Christ's words," and that modern Jews live "under a curse they brought upon themselves." This is harmless teaching in the best of times, some would say; but it is hardly harmless when set in the context of the acquiescence of half of Germany's Lutheranism to Nazi racism! Sunday School literature is supposed to anticipate, to correct. By their failures to work the "I-against-Christ" motif in the concrete sense toward themselves, conservative Christians do (or once did) contribute to latent anti-Semitism.

What should be said of the whole situation? For one thing, it must be remembered that Olson is studying only Protestantism. We may surmise that many counterparts to these findings will appear in the Catholic and Jewish studies that are now in progress. Second, he is dealing with a changing, repentant, self-correcting Protestantism—a fact that ought constantly to be borne in mind. The literature Olson examines here was published from about 1952 through 1955: he had, after all, to begin somewhere and to end somewhere, and it takes several

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years to process such data. But it would be unwise for anyone to reproduce his findings without being aware of their datedness. Seven to ten years is not a long span of time, but in the field of American intergroup relations it represents light-years. This literature belongs to the period of the pre-history of "dialogue," before everyone began "looking in" on everyone else and developing a new consciousness of and sensitivity to the "other." Moreover, since Olson worked with the full cooperation of the producers of the literature, they took cognizance of criticisms, and made revisions in the light of them. Thus the literature would appear much different today than it did when Olson studied it—another indication that prejudice, when taught, is usually unselfconscious.

In addition to all this, we must remember that Olson is dealing here with types, images, constructs, consolidated generalizations, which are useful only so long as they are recognized for what they are. As soon as they become "frozen," however, they can operate to conceal as much truth as they reveal. Olson is very careful about this in general, but in the labels he affixes to the four publishing houses, he comes dangerously close to abandoning his caution. The Unitarian-Universalist literature he calls "Liberal"; Presbyterian, "Neo-Orthodox"; Missouri Lutheran, "Conservative"; and Scripture Press, "Fundamentalist." All in all the decision to use such labels seems unwise. The United Church of Christ is also liberal, but its liberalism has little in common with Unitarian liberalism. Much of Presbyterianism is far from "Neo-Orthodox" in its feeling (Neo-Orthodoxy as an emphasis having been confined largely to the elite of clergy and the ozone of laity), and much of Neo-Orthodoxy is far from Presbyterian. Scripture Press, while related to Fundamentalism, is certainly not typical of the movement. As for the Missouri Synod, is it the best representative of "Conservatism"? The Lutherans are, indeed, conservative. But on the issues represented in this study, particularly on the subject of Biblical exegesis, the Missourians borrowed much from Fundamentalism (including a doctrine of Biblical Inerrancy). Many of Missouri's concerns were ephemeral and are dated: the literature was designed to protect the children of a once-withdrawn and aloof group in the years of transition toward exposure in a pluralist society—hence the passion to criticize the religious elements most nearly like it, and so (presumably) most beguiling to the faithful.

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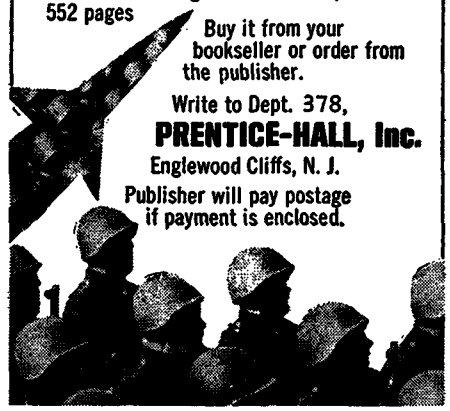

One final remark should be made concerning the limits of Olson's inquiry. The reader who takes the book seriously may tend to assume a simple carry-over from what is set forth in the literature to the minds of the denomination. But one must ask how determinative is Sunday School and children's literature? A child generally attends school twenty hours a week, watches television twenty hours a week, plays with playmates fifteen hours a week, and is on the church premises only one hour a week. During that hour, a well-meaning but amateur teacher confronts him. Part of the hour is devoted to organizing, taking offerings, singing happy birthdays, calling the roll, recognizing newcomers, working with

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play-dough, discussing the week's news. Perhaps twenty to forty minutes of concentration on the actual religious materials will occur. Even on the high school and adult level little trace of Biblical literacy appears in American Protestantism, as the studies of Will Herberg and others painfully reveal. The best one can say, therefore, is that Sunday School literature reflects the mind of a church body and reproduces it for a coming generation; some of the younger people come into contact with it some of the time and are slightly influenced.

THESE criticisms are meant as cautionary; they do not detract from the richness of perception and the careful precision of Olson's work as a whole. One comes away from a reading of his book feeling that Sunday School litterateurs will have to be more careful, more mindful of all factors, more discreet. At the same time, however, one also feels that they will have to beware of confusing tolerance with blandness, for in the face of the homogenized American religious climate, one almost welcomes some salt, vigor, and vinegar in religious teaching. What is impressive is that the Presbyterian literature, for all its own faults, seems to retain this assertive character while also managing to teach concrete forms of understanding others. The recovery of Luther might similarly help Missouri Synod literature to overcome the abstractness and literalism from which it suffers, just as Calvin and Wesley might help Scripture Press and its contemporaries and colleagues.

Most of all, the literature reveals that in wide patches of American religious life, it is insecurity over exposure and pluralism that motivate misrepresentation of the "other." Religious faith is supposed to give man courage and confidence; perhaps it will do so after the moment of transition for once-withdrawn groups is past. They will then not need to distort or magnify the "errors" of others in order to enhance their own truths. They will then not need to portray the evils of the other in order to build loyalties to their own groups. And for a first step toward recapturing a Biblical truth which relates to the really recognizable situations of life, they could—all of them—be sure that no "curse" is applied to others which is not part of their own blight or plight, nor any hope proffered which is not a legitimate possibility for all men, enemies and neighbors included.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

OSCAR GASS is well known to COMMENTARY readers for his articles on national and international affairs.

HAROLD TAYLOR is a former president of Sarah Lawrence College and the author of *On Freedom and Education* (1954).

MARTIN E. MARTY appears for the first time in these pages. A leading Protestant writer, Mr. Marty is an editor of *The Christian Century*.

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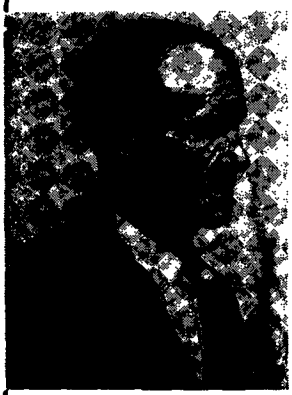

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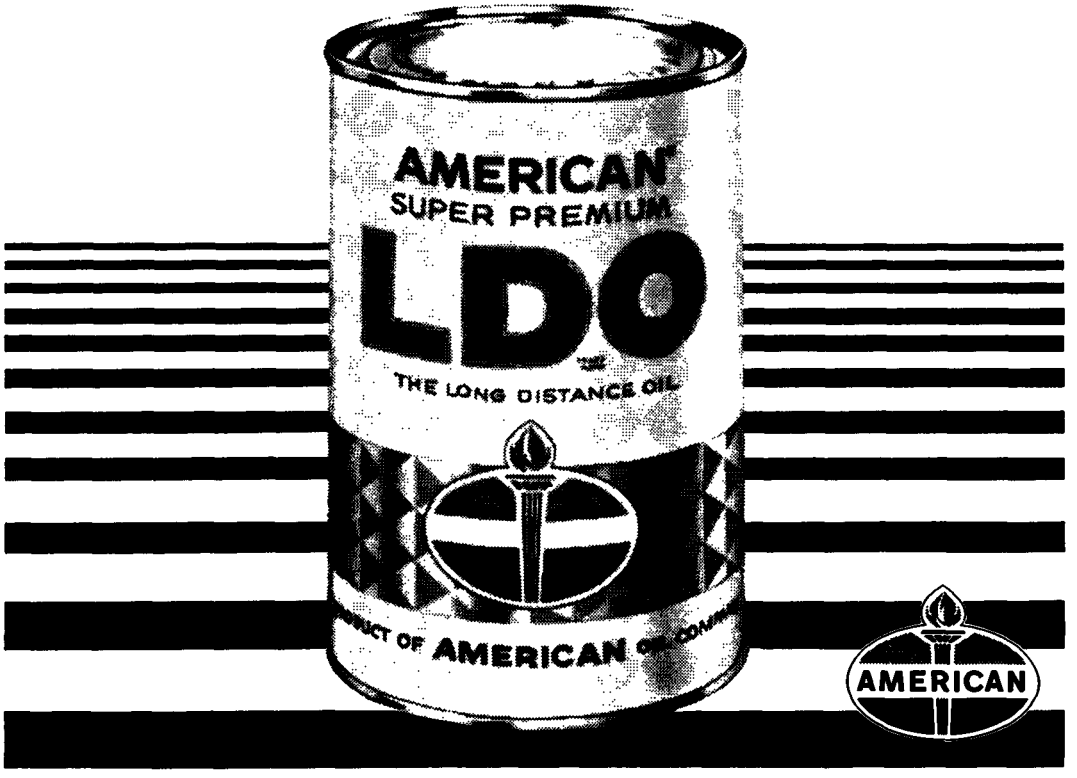

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